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THE STANDARD GUIDE

ST. AUGUSTINE

WITH MAPS, PLANS,

AND DESCRIPTIONS

OF:-
THE PONCE-DE-LEON

FORT-MARION-AND

ALL POINTS OF INTEREST:-

By E. Reynolds: St. Augustine: Fla.:-

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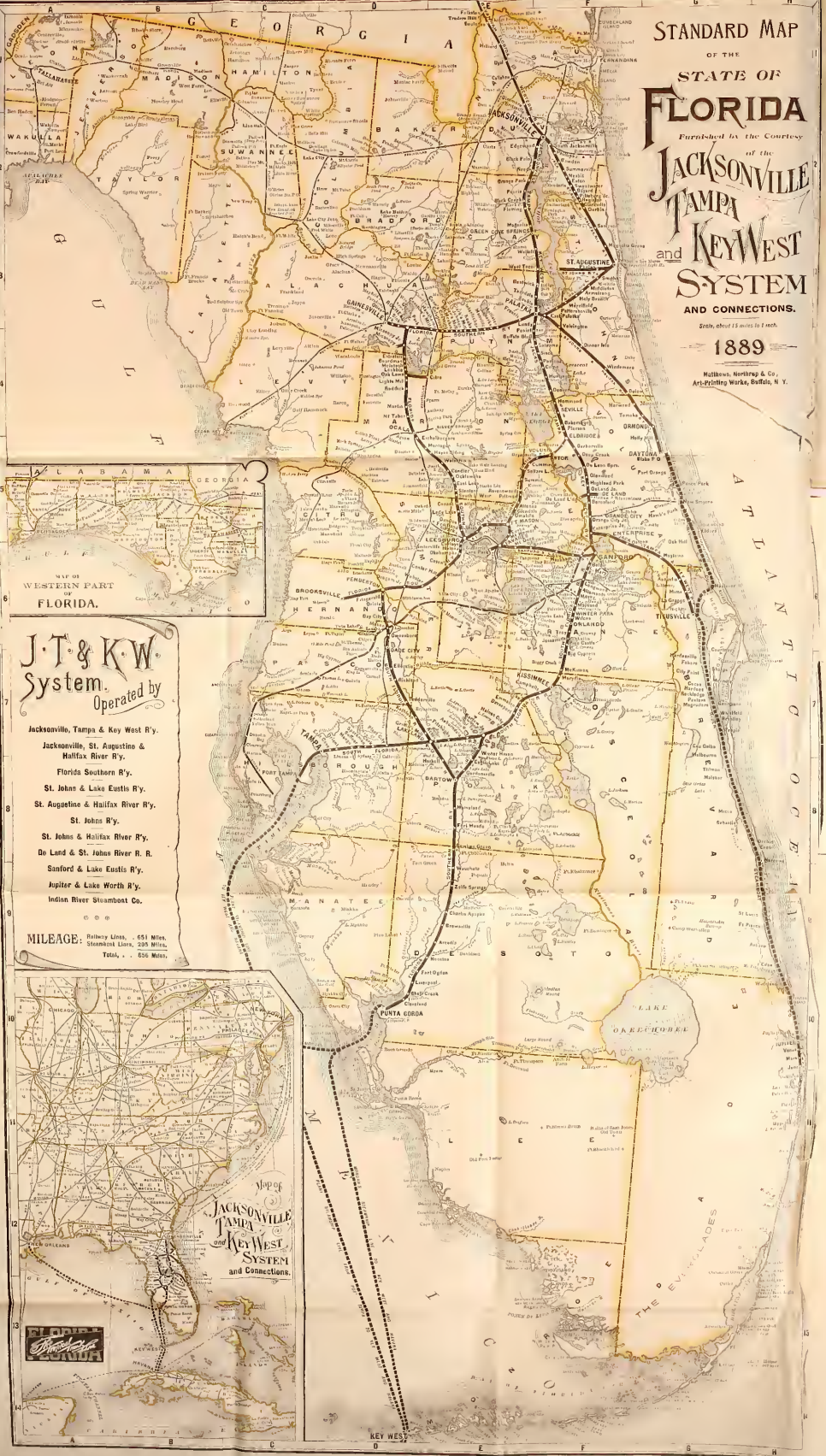
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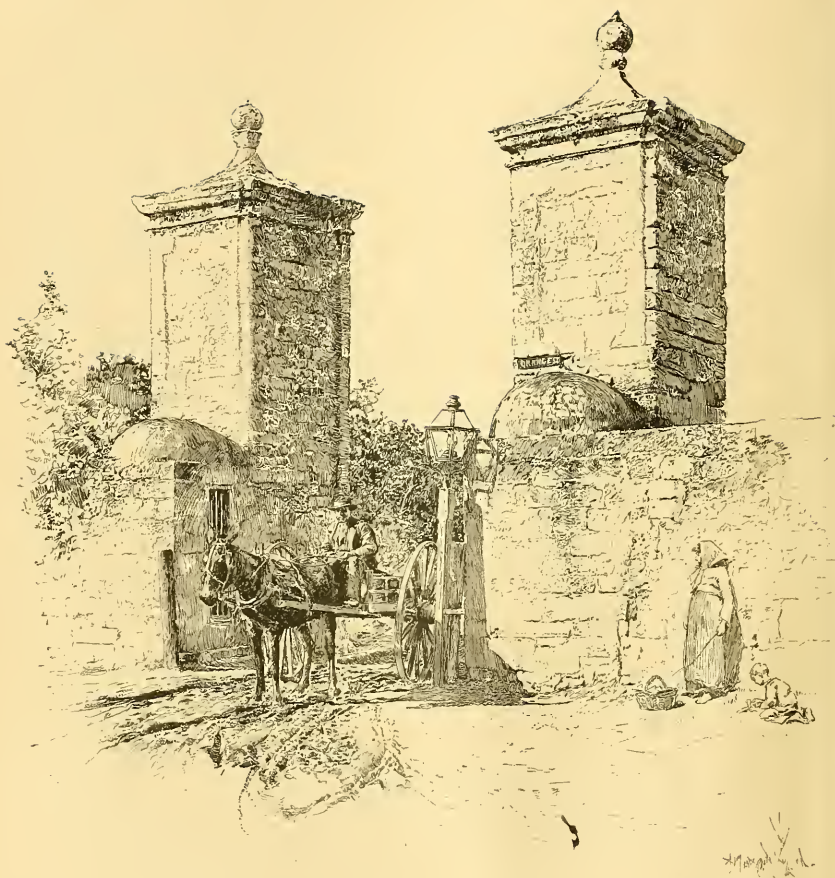


Indian River Steamboat Co.



MILEAGE: Railway Lines, . 651 Miles.
Steamboat Lines, 205 Miles.
Total, . . 856 Miles.





RUINS OF THE CITY GATEWAY.

THE STANDARD GUIDE

ST. AUGUSTINE

BY CHARLES B. REYNOLDS

ILLUSTRATED



ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

E. H. REYNOLDS

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TO THE READER.

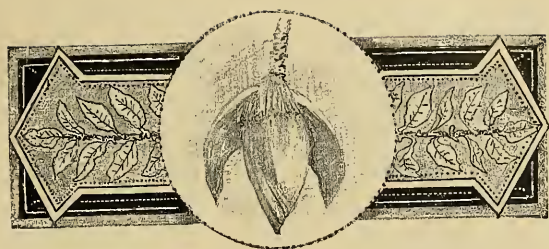


THE STANDARD GUIDE is intended to give such practical information and intelligent descriptions as it is hoped may add to the convenience and pleasure of the tourist in St. Augustine.

The present edition appears in an enlarged form, with text revised to date, and much new material, including a description of the Hotel Ponce de Leon. The generous list of illustrations given in former editions has also been enlarged.

If this little book be not cast aside, its prose and pictures may in the future prove pleasant reminders of a visit to St. Augustine.

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S2 f22



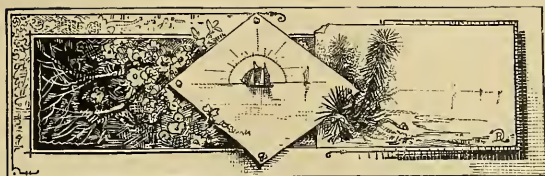
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*I*N the realm of flowers, a perfumed land,
Girt by the sea, by soft winds fanned;
Ravaged by war in years grown old,
Its former glory a tale long told,
 Stands the quaint old Spanish city.

*The scene of many a hard-fought fight,
Of many a siege, when Spanish might
Was o'er the land: in its decay
It hath a beauty to live away,
 That quaint old Spanish city.*

POEMS OF PLACES.



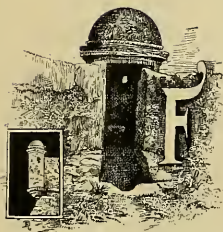
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* * * There are four folders with illustrations of the Hotels Ponce de Leon, Alcazar and Cordova, and the Memorial Presbyterian Church.

ST. AUGUSTINE.



ORTIFICATION and defense were the first thought of the Spanish soldiers who founded St. Augustine; and they were careful to choose a site which should be a stronghold. The situation of the town was admirably fitted for such a purpose. St. Augustine is built on a narrow strip of land running north and south. In front on the east is the Matanzas River, in the rear on the west flows the St. Sebastian.

Distances in St. Augustine are not great. The chief points of interest are comprised within an area of three-quarters of a mile in length; and the tourist who is provided with the STANDARD GUIDE will need no other aid in finding his way.

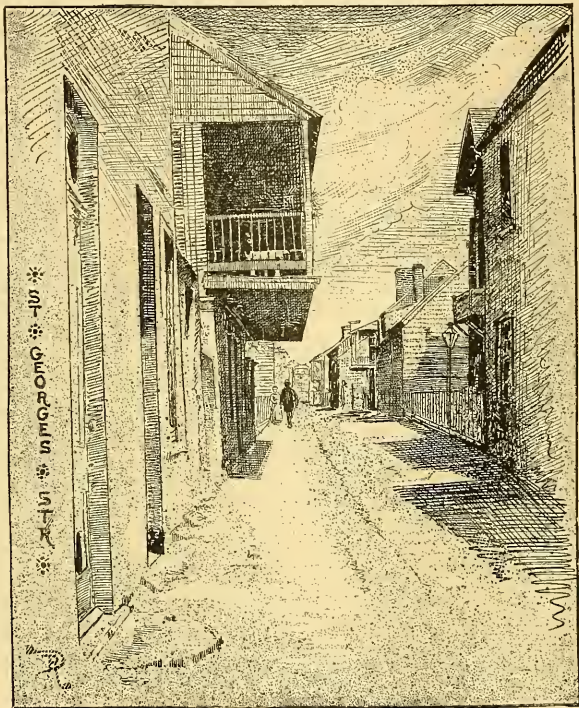
A sea-wall extends along the water front from Fort Marion on the north to the United States barracks on the south. In the center of the town is an open square or park, called the Plaza.

The principal streets run north and south; the cross streets at right angles, east and west. The main thoroughfare, St. George street, runs through the center of the town to the City Gate; from that point it is known as the Shell Road, extending north beyond the San Marco Hotel. Treasury street, crossing St. George one block north of the Plaza, narrows at the east end to an alley, across which two persons may clasp hands. St. Francis street, at the southern extremity of St. George, was long famous for its ancient date palm, which was killed by the freeze of 1885. The Alameda extends west from the Plaza to the St. Sebastian River.

Some of the street names are suggestive of incidents in the town's romantic history. St. Francis commemorates the labors and self sacrifice of the Franciscan mission fathers, whose monastic institution was on the site where the barracks now stand. Cuna and St. Hypolita were given in the Spanish supremacy. St. George street was so called in honor of England's patron saint, and Charlotte was the name of the queen of King George III. *Old St. Augustine* states that the name Treasury is from the Spanish term, which signified "the street where the treasurer lives." The treasure (*i. e.*, funds for the soldiers' pay, etc.) was kept closely guarded in the fort.

The narrow little streets, with their foreign names and foreign faces, their overhanging balconies and high garden walls, through whose open door one caught

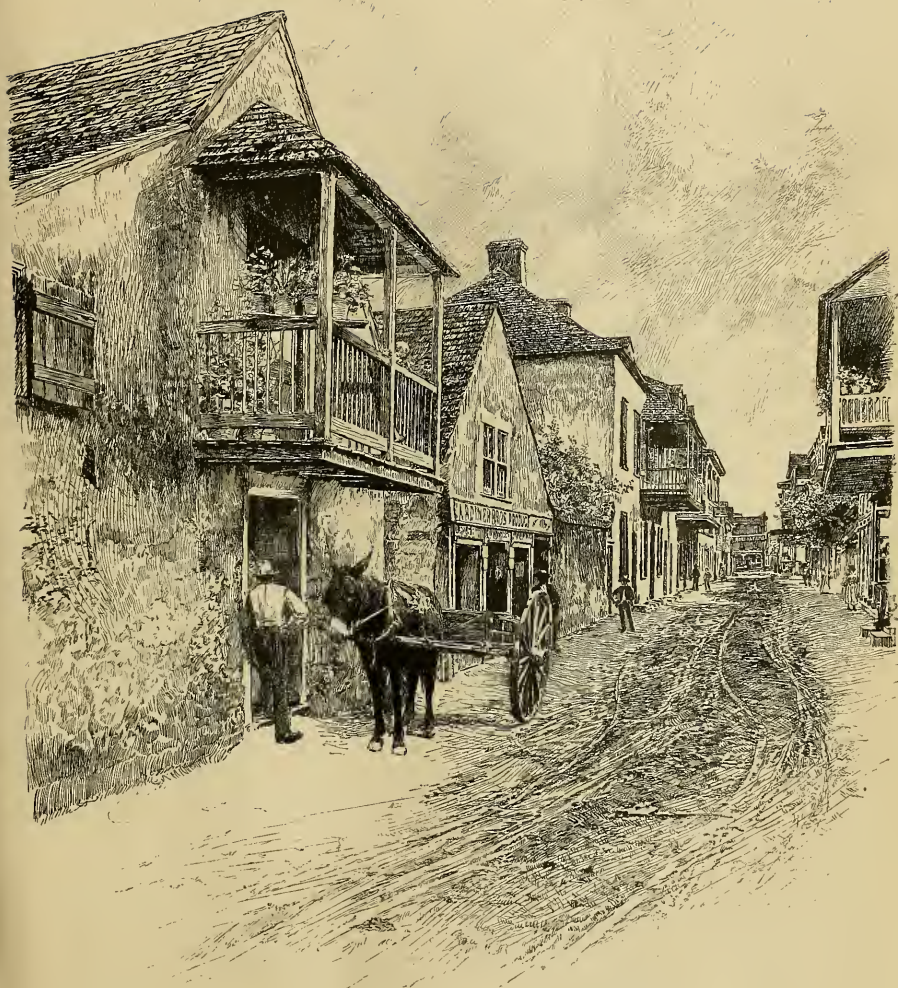
a glimpse of orange and fig and waving banana, were once among the quaint characteristics which made this old Florida town charming and peculiar among all American cities. But the picturesque streets, of which tourists delighted to write, have almost ceased to be a pleasing feature of St. Augustine. Some of them have been



ST. GEORGE STREET.

widened; and others, shorn of their quaintness, are ill adapted to the swelling traffic of the "rush season." Reckless drivers crowd the pedestrian to the wall, and well may he sigh for the good old times when tradition says no wheeled vehicle was allowed in St. Augustine.

The aspect of the town has been modified in other respects. The style of architecture is undergoing a change; one by one the overhanging balconies are disappearing from the streets; high stone walls are replaced by picket fences and wire netting;



CHARLOTTE STREET.



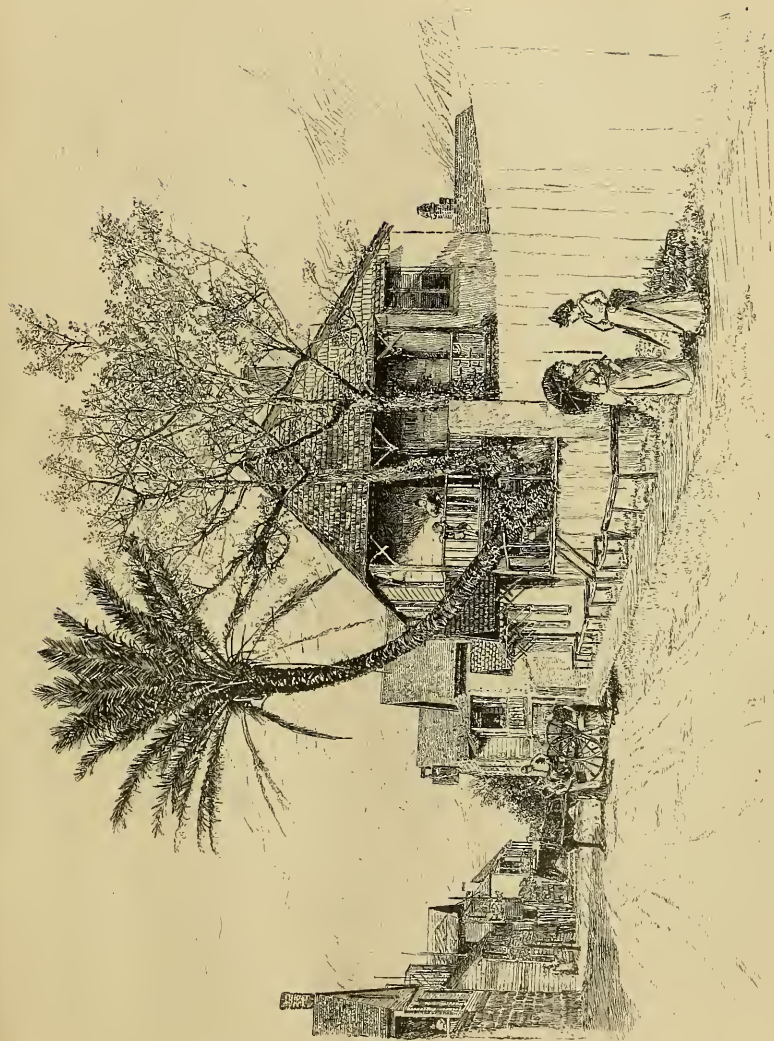
A STUDY IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

Sketch from painting, by Louis C. Tiffany.

moss-roofed houses have given way to smart shops; lattice gates are displaced by show windows and displays of bargains in ready-made clothing.

Few of the old dwellings are remarkable for antiquity or peculiarity of construction; their picturesque side is usually seen from the street. In former times most of the houses were of coquina, a natural shellstone quarried from Anastasia Island, but this has been superseded by wood and artificial concrete.

To tear down and demolish has been the rule with foe and friend alike. Indian, Sea-King, Boucanier, British invader—each in turn has scourged the town; and after the passing of each, it has risen again. If we may credit the testimony of visitors here, over St. Augustine has always hung an air of desolation and decay. After the successive changes of rulers, the new has always been built from the old. To use the coquina blocks from a dilapidated structure was less laborious than to hew out new material from the Anastasia quarries. In this manner were destroyed the coquina batteries, that in old times defended the southern line of the town. The stone from one of them was employed in build-



ST. FRANCIS STREET.

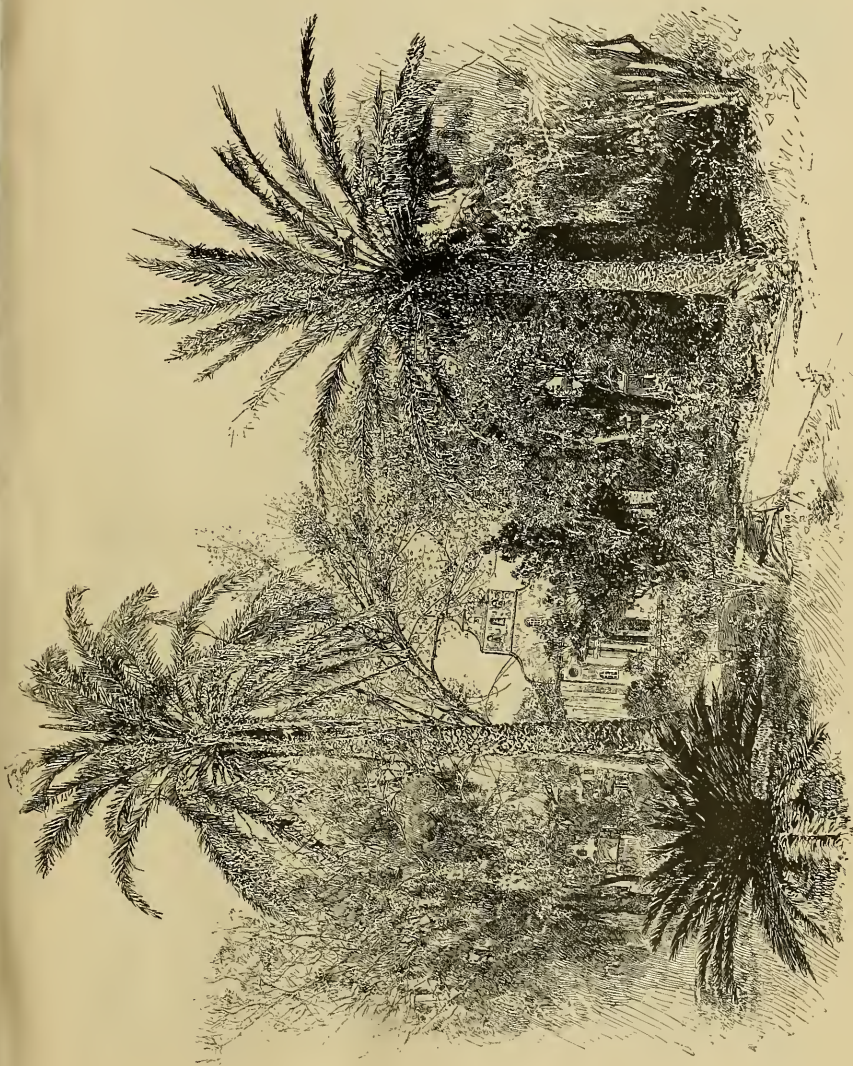
ing the Franciscan convent, and thence it went into the foundation of the barracks, which rose on the convent site. Another lot of coquina passed through a like cycle of usefulness, from outskirt battery into parish church, and from parish church to the repair of the city gate. So universal, indeed, has been this process of tearing down the old to construct the new, that there are few edifices here to-day, concerning whose antiquity we have satisfactory evidence. Boston worships in churches more ancient than the cathedral; New Orleans markets are older than the disused one on the plaza; Salem wharves



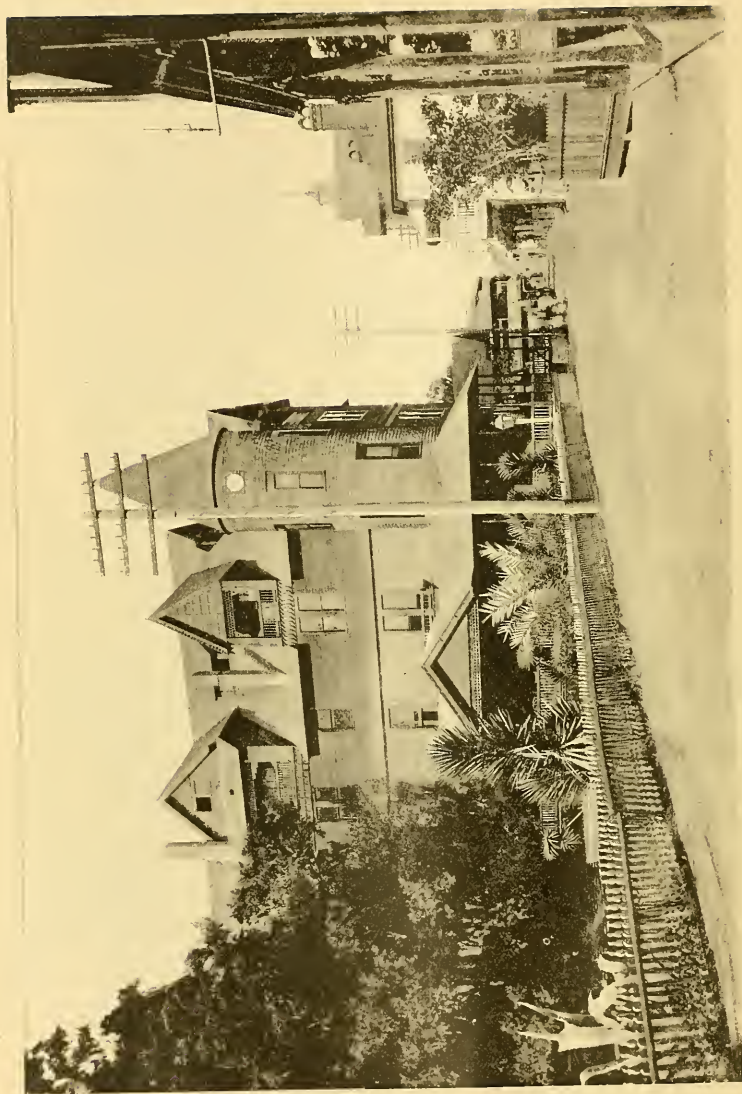
RUINS OF THE KING'S FORGE.

antedate the sea-wall; on the banks of the Connecticut, the Hudson and the Potomac stand dwellings more venerable than any here on the Matanzas.—*Old St. Augustine, Later Years.*

The people met in the streets are not the picturesque beings described in the books of travel written fifty years ago. Most tourists expect to find here a Spanish population. They have a notion—zealously fostered by the stereotyped "Ancient City" letter in Northern newspapers—that inasmuch as St. Augustine was founded by the Spaniards there must be Spaniards here now. As a matter of fact, the swarthy Spaniard stalks through the streets no longer, save in the mushy imagination of femi-



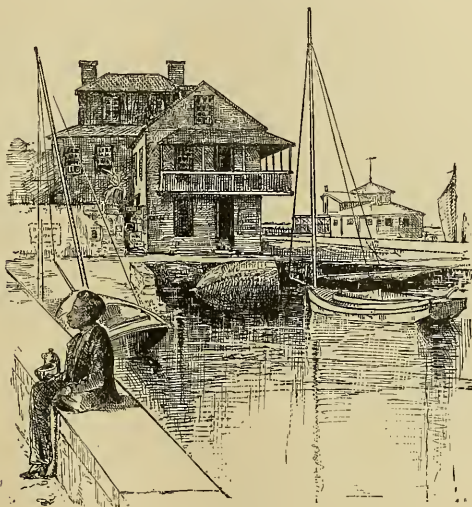
GARDEN OVERLOOKING THE PLAZA.



THE MAGNOLIA HOTEL—ST. GEORGE STREET.

nine correspondents, who send gushing screeds to newspapers. The Spanish residents emigrated when Florida was ceded to the United States seventy-five years ago. Lady Duffus Hardy professed to have found here in 1879 an "old Spaniard in his eighty-second year," who, she affirms, told her, "Yes, I've seen the British flag flying from the old fort, the Spanish banner flying; now we are under the eagle's wing, and the stars and stripes are fluttering over us." As the British flag ceased to "fly from the old fort" in 1783, or fifteen years before Lady Hardy's wonderful "old Spaniard" was born, he must have beheld the Cross of St. George in some former state of being.

A portion of the native population, distinguished by dark eyes and dark com-



THE PLAZA BASIN.

plexions, is composed of the Minorcans, but they are now an inconspicuous part of the winter throngs. They have given place to the multitudes from abroad; as their ancient coquina houses are making way for modern hotels and winter residences.

In 1769, during the British occupation, a colony of Minorcans and Majorcans were brought from the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean Sea to New Smyrna, on the Indian River, south of St. Augustine. Deceived by Turnbull, the proprietor of the plantation, and subjected to gross privation and cruelty, the Minorcans at length appealed to the authorities of St. Augustine, were promised protection, deserted from New Smyrna in a body, came to St. Augustine, were defended against the claims of Turnbull, received an allotment of land in the town, built palmetto-thatched cottages, and remained here after the English emigrated.

The pathetic story of the Minorcans at New Smyrna and their exodus to St. Augustine has enlisted the sympathetic pen of more than one narrator. There is little reason for questioning the truth of the commonly accepted version, yet it is due to Dr. Turnbull to remember that this story, like every other, has two sides. Turnbull's side is given by his personal friend Dr. Johnson of Charleston, S. C., in his *Reminiscences of the American Revolution*. According to this authority the New Smyrna revolt was instigated by the British Governor's wife, in St. Augustine, who had been an old flame of Turnbull's in Scotland, and was impelled to her mischief-making among his indentured colonists by a motive no less powerful than the fury of a woman scorned. Most travelers have spoken kindly of the Minorcans in St. Augustine, from Latrobe in 1832, who gives a pretty picture of the fishermen's cottages, festooned with nets and roses, shaded by orange trees and hung round with cages of nonpareils and mockingbirds, to William Cullen Bryant in 1843, who described them as "a mild, harmless race, of civil manners and abstemious habits." Five years later, Rev. R. K. Sewall, then the rector of Trinity Church, published his *Sketches of St. Augustine*. Should you ever come upon a copy of this book, it will almost certainly be found that pages 39 and 40 are wanting; and inspection will show that the leaf has been cut out. The missing pages contained this reference to the Minorcans:

The present race were of servile extraction. By the duplicity of one Turnbull they were seduced from their homes in the Mediterranean and located at Smyrna, and forced to till the lands of the proprietors who had brought them into Florida for that purpose. After enduring great privation, toil and suffering, under the most trying circumstances of a servile state, they revolted in a body, regained their rights and maintained them. * * * Their women are distinguished for their taste, neatness and industry, a peculiar light olive shade of complexion, and a dark full eye. The males are less favored by nature and habit. They lack enterprise. Most of them are without education. Their canoes, fishing lines and hunting guns are their main source of subsistence. The rising generation is, however, in a state of rapid transition.—*R. K. Sewall, "Sketches of St. Augustine,"* pp. 39-40.

However big or little may have been the grains of truth in this description, the Minorcans had at least education enough to comprehend the uncomplimentary tone of Mr. Sewall's allusion to them; and when the edition of *Sketches* came to hand they showed their enterprise by mobbing the store where the books were, bent on the destruction of the whole lot. They were only restrained by a pledge, faithfully kept, that the obnoxious pages should be torn from every book.

Among the customs of the native land retained to a recent period by the Minorcans was the singing of a hymn in honor of the Virgin, by groups of young men who went about the streets serenading their friends, on the evening before Easter. This hymn, called the *Fromajardis*, was in the Mahonese dialect. It was handed down orally from one generation to another, and with what fidelity to the original may be inferred from this incident of Dr. Anderson's visit to Minorca in the summer of 1888, as related in a letter:

At sundown we stopped at a small village, which was as clean as a new pin, every house whitened to the last degree, and had a lunch of bread, cheese, oranges, cherries, and native wine—all the house afforded. As we rode along through the hills by the light of the pale new moon, I sang to the driver the "*Fromajardis*," as sung in St. Augustine. He seemed pleased and surprised, and said that he did not know that any foreign gentleman knew that song. I told the interpreter to tell him that over a hundred



A WOMAN OF THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

By Gustave Doré.



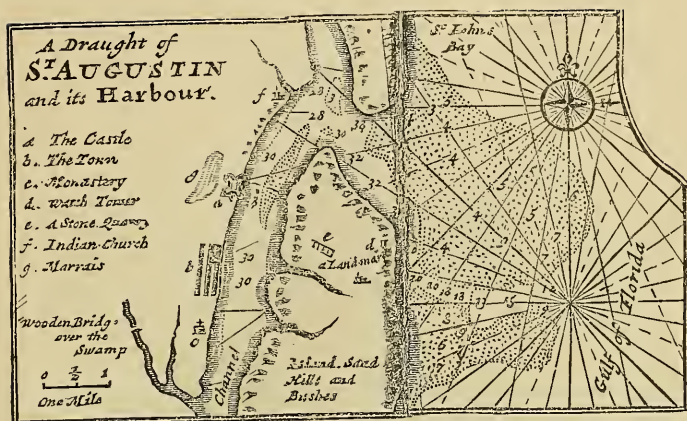
ST. GEORGE STREET NEAR THE PLAZA.

From an old Photograph.

years ago that song was carried over the ocean, and now I brought it back among its native hills. He said it was not sung as much now as it was twenty years ago. Thus are old customs dying.

Song has wonderful vitality, and melody lives. The airs of French psalms sung by the Huguenots in Florida were heard among the Indians long after the death of Ribault at Matanzas. In odd, if not instructive, contrast to this is the curious testimony of Jonathan Dickenson, shipwrecked on this coast in 1696, who records that he was hailed with expressions of vulgarity in the English tongue by the Indians, or as he calls them, "the inhuman cannibals of Florida."

The new concrete building material is a composition of sand, Portland cement and shells. The shells are found in deposits of vast extent on Anastasia Island, opposite the town. They lie loose in masses several feet deep, and under certain conditions the layers solidify and form the natural shell-stone or limestone, called coquina, described in a later chapter on St. Anastasia Island. The loose shell is brought over in carloads to the building site, and is mixed in given proportions with the sand and cement. While still soft the composition is poured into moulds and hardens. A wall is built by first setting boards up on edge, with a space between equal to the depth of the wall; into this space is poured a layer of concrete; as each layer hardens a new one is poured in on top of it, and successive layers are added to any required height. The wall is thus cast instead of being built; when completed it is one stone; indeed, the entire wall construction of a concrete building is one solid mass throughout—a monolith, with neither joint nor seam. The plastic material



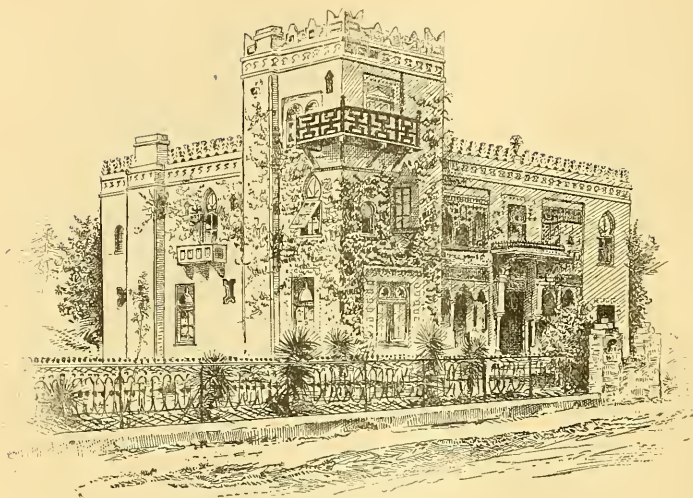
IN THE OLD DAYS.

lends itself most admirably to architectural and decorative purposes, and possesses the very important qualities of durability and immunity from destruction by fire.

This concrete was first employed by Mr. Franklin W. Smith, of Boston, Mass., in the construction of his unique winter residence, the Villa Zorayda, which is on the Alameda, opposite the Hotel Ponce de Leon. Mr. Smith yet preserves as an archæological treasure the original, experimental block of concrete, which figuratively is the corner stone of modern stone-built St. Augustine, for it was the successful use of this material, as demonstrated in the building of the Villa Zorayda, that made possible the structures which have followed.

The Villa Zorayda is worthy of note because of its architectural design and the elaborate manner in which its owner-architect has successfully developed his plan of an oriental building as appropriate to the latitude of Florida—the conception having been borrowed from the universal practice of Eastern countries, demonstrating the experience of centuries. The architecture throughout is strictly Moorish, after sketches and photographs in Spain, Tangiers and Algiers. Like the Alhambra itself, the Zorayda is of massive concrete. The walls have the external appearance of granite, with all of its durability. Above the front entrance is the inscription in Arabic letters: *Wa la ghalib illa lla*—"There is no conqueror but God." This is the motto everywhere reproduced on the escutcheons and in the tracery of the Alhambra.

Mahamad Aben Alahmar, the founder of the Alhambra, having participated with King Ferdinand in the conquest of Seville, returned to his dominions. "When the conqueror approached his beloved Granada, the people thronged forth to see him with impatient joy, for they loved him as a benefactor. They had erected arches of triumph in honor of his martial exploits, and wherever he passed he was hailed with acclamations, as *El Ghalib*, or The Conqueror. Mahamad shook his head when he heard the

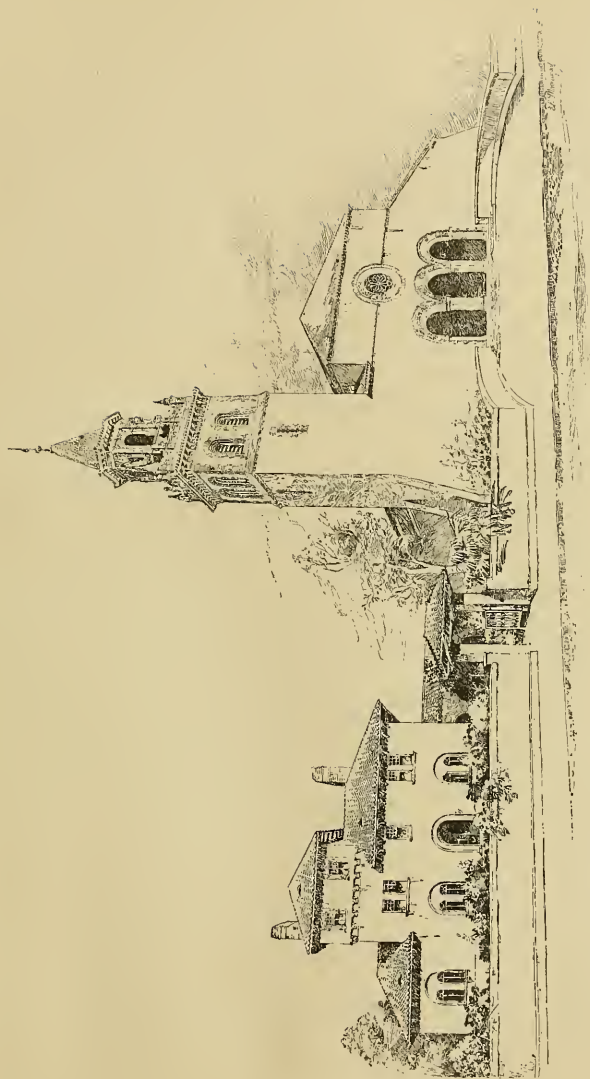


THE ZORAYDA.

appellation. '*Wa la ghalib illa lla,*' exclaimed he, "There is no conqueror but God!" From that time forward, he adopted this exclamation as a motto. He inscribed it on an oblique band across his escutcheon, and it continued to be the motto of his descendants."—*Irving, "The Alhambra."*

Within the walls of the Zorayda is a central court, paved with tiles made for it in Spain, and surrounded by a double gallery supported on thirty-six horseshoe arches. The walls of the vestibule, court and drawing-room are covered with the moresque tracery of the Alhambra, the models having been imported for the purpose. In this detail of construction and ornamentation the Zorayda is the first example in the United States. The interior finish, furniture and ornaments richly illustrate the beauties of Moorish colors and forms, and the pleasing effect is heightened by the tropical foliage and fruits in the protected court.

Four agencies have contributed to the rapid development of the city as a winter resort. *First*—Improved transportation facilities, providing easy access from the North. The railway time from New York has been reduced to thirty-six hours, through from New York to St. Augustine without change. *Second*—The discovery of an artesian water supply. The wells have a constant flow sufficient for every domestic and public purpose; and the abundant water has had its part in beautifying the town. *Third*—The adoption of a concrete building material, which means substantial and absolutely fire-proof buildings. *Fourth*—The lavish expenditure of princely capital in the construction of magnificent hotels for the entertainment of thousands of guests.



Carrire and Hastings, Architects.

Published by consent of "The Engineering and Building Record."

GRACE CHURCH—METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Each of these agencies has had its share in the making of St. Augustine; with any one of them wanting, the results attained would not have been achieved.

What with the destructive work of fires, the filling in of creeks and marshes, the opening of new streets, and the expansion of the town north and west and south, old visitors find themselves strangely at a loss to identify localities. The St. Augustine Hotel and entire blocks on the north and south sides of the Plaza have been destroyed and replaced by new buildings. Where boats once sailed and marsh hens clattered on the Maria Sanchez Creek, now stands the Alcazar; and across the street, where half a dozen years ago a sign stuck in the mud forbade shooting, is one wing of the Hotel Ponce de Leon; the site of the new railroad depot is on reclaimed land once a marsh. All these new extensions have been laid out only after well-matured plans; none of them have been dominated by the niggardly notions which narrowed the lanes in old times.

The aspect of St. George street has been happily changed throughout almost its entire length. Nowhere is the improvement more marked than in the vicinity of the Magnolia Hotel, which, from a plain building devoid of architectural merits, has been remodeled and converted into the attractive Queen Anne shown on page 16. Just north of the Magnolia, the familiar site, which has been occupied for twenty-five years by the Presbyterian parsonage, has been selected for the new municipal offices. When the present post office building—originally the old Spanish Governor's house—shall have been demolished and its grounds added to the Plaza, St. Augustine will have a public park of which her citizens may be justly proud.

Pleasing changes have been made in church architecture. The Cathedral has been burned, rebuilt, enlarged and beautified; Grace Church, the Methodist Episcopal edifice, of wood, has been replaced by a stone church and parsonage, beautiful in design, planned by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings, and presented to the society by Mr. Henry M. Flagler. The new Presbyterian church is referred to on another page.

So in one way and another the town has taken on a new appearance and character. From a queerly built old city, whose foreign air piqued the curiosity of the chance visitor, and hinted at the strange vicissitudes of its "three centuries of battle and change," St. Augustine has become a fashionable winter resort, whose great hotels dominate the aspect of the surroundings, and in their luxury and magnificence have no equals in the world; it is the winter Newport, whose visitors are numbered by tens of thousands, whose private residences are in a growing degree distinguished for elegance and comfort. Year by year the city grows more beautiful, and with each innovation and transformation adds anew to its attractiveness. The old has been supplanted by the new, yet St. Augustine preserves a distinctive character all its own, and there is now more than ever before about the old city an indefinable charm which leads one's thoughts back to it again, and gladdens the face that is once more turned toward Florida and St. Augustine.

Can life anywhere else be like life in the Ancient City? Upon the first day thereof we are ready to swear you, Nay. Upon the one hundred and fifty-first I think we say, Amen.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*



MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Standard Guide to St. Augustine.

THE HOTEL PONCE DE LEON.



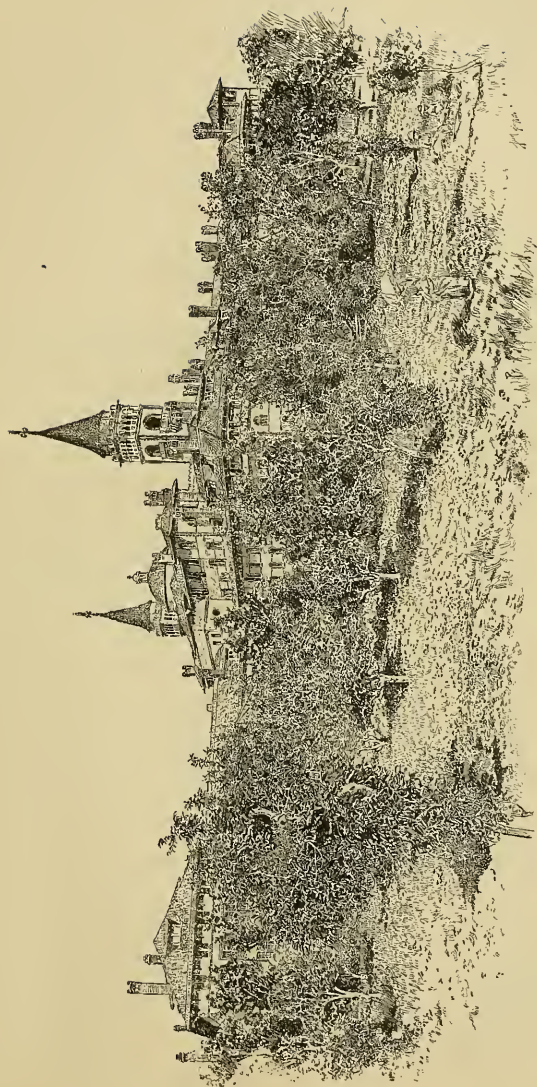
THAS ever been the fashion in describing St. Augustine to lay emphasis on the Spanish character of the town. With the one exception of the fort, however, no specially notable example of Spanish architecture was to be found here. The streets were as narrow and irregular as those of Toledo, and the houses were small and bare. The Spanish Governor's residence, the Franciscan convent and the cathedral have been made much of; but they owed their distinction to greater size, rather than to any beauty of design or adornment, to set them apart from the prevailing style of buildings, whose severity of type they followed.

Though the town was during successive reigns the most important holding of Spain in North America, the Governor's residence reflected none of the magnificence of the Royal Palace of Madrid. The convent had nothing suggestive of the richly endowed monastic institutions in Spain, as, for instance, that of San Agustin, renowned for its Murillos and its superb memorials of the Ponce de Leon family. The cathedral had no nave like that of Santa Maria the pride of Leon, no windows of glass painted by a Holanda, no railings carved by an Andino, nor plate wrought by a Vandolino. Florida yielded to Spanish gold seekers no treasure for the building of massive cathedrals like that founded by Cortez on the site of the Temple of the Montezumas in Mexico. Throughout the entire period of its rule from Madrid, the town appears to have been always poor, as the Boucaniers found it in the middle of the seventeenth century. There are no records of any former architectural magnificence.

And yet no natural conditions were wanting. The sky above St. Augustine arches as delicately blue and soft as that of Seville; the sunlight here is as warm and as golden as that which floods the patios of Spanish Alcazars; the Florida heavens are as radiantly brilliant by night and the full moon floats as luminous above the southern Atlantic coast as where the pinnacles and minarets of Valencia glitter in its beams on the Mediterranean shore. Add to these natural adaptations the historic associations, all of which were of Spain and the Spaniards, and there is little room for wonder that when strangers came here they looked for some architectural monuments, other than gloomy fortifications, to commemorate the dignity and pride of the ancient Spanish rule. Position, climate, history—here were the possibilities. They waited only an appreciative recognition, to which should be added the purpose and the means to prove them. In due time that recognition came.

Among those who as tourists found their way to St. Augustine, not many winters ago, was Mr. Henry M. Flagler of New York. He recognized the possibilities of the place, and happily resolved to make them good. His scheme for doing this was generous and far-reaching. It provided for nothing less than the building of a palace, with towers, courts, fountains, loggias and cool retreats, to be set amid appropriate surroundings, in design to embody the beauties of Spanish architecture, with decoration suggestive of the history of Florida and St. Augustine, and every detail of construction, adornment and appointment befitting its position here in the city, whose patent had come three centuries ago from the sovereign of the proudest dominion on the globe. The projected structure was not to have the seclusion of a private home, but as a hotel it should give greater impress to the town. Built within sound of the surf on the Florida shore first sighted by Ponce de Leon, and with towers overlooking the sea, it should be called in honor of that redoubtable knight and discoverer, whose romantic quest made his name typical of the adventurous and chimerical spirit of his age. And as the bastions and watchtowers of Fort Marion were significant of the military prowess of the sixteenth-century Spain—the Spain of Philip II. and Menendez, so this new structure, the Hotel Ponce de Leon, should in the beauty and harmony of its parts, furnish a token of that other Spain, the mother of artists and architects and cunning craftsmen. A beautiful dream this; and one, perhaps, not undreamt before; but if it had come to others, it was only as the baseless fabric of a castle in the air, whose lovely vision had flushed in the rosy light of imagination and then dissolved into unreality, as the glory of the Southern sunset so quickly merges into night. It was the happy fortune of this dreamer to transform the shadowy pleasure-dome of fancy into substantial, concrete reality.

The architects to whom the scheme was imparted and the execution of it intrusted, caught its spirit and entered upon their task with the enthusiasm born of a ready sympathy. The style most appropriate was manifestly to be sought in the architecture of Spain, and must be Spanish, not Moorish. For between the Spaniards and the Moors in Spain burned the race feuds of centuries, and Spanish architects abhorred Moorish forms. If then its spirit and purpose were to be carried out, the Hotel Ponce de Leon must not share the "plaster glories" of the Alhambra, its models must embody creations distinctively Spanish. Selection was made of the Spanish Renaissance, and this was well chosen, for it was that style whose development coincided with the most glorious period of Spanish history. It was in the ever memorable age when the Moors had been expelled from Granada and all Spain was united under Ferdinand and Isabel, when Spanish explorers were conquering America, into the treasury of Spain was flowing the wealth of the Indies, and the empire was at the zenith of opulence and power—that Spanish architecture found its highest expression in Renaissance forms. It was in the epoch-making years when Columbus gave to Ferdinand and Isabel a new world, that Diego de Siloe planned the Cathedral of Granada, in whose magnificent Capilla Real the sculptured effigies of those sovereigns repose. While Cortez and Pizarro were looting the Sun temples and in their greed obliterating the monuments of civilizations in Mexico and Peru,



HOTEL PONCE DE LEON—VIEW FROM ORANGE GROVE.

Spanish architects were building cathedrals and universities and royal courts, Vandelvira at Jaen, Pedro Gumiel at Alcala in Aragon, and Mechuca and Berreguete at Granada. The beginning of the Spanish Renaissance, too, was in the years of Ponce de Leon and the discovery of Florida; its glory had not passed when our old Florida town was established. None more fitly chosen then; nor unless architectural style be wholly meaningless could the purpose of the hotel architects have been so well attained with any other. And since history is so largely a chronicle of wars and conquests, and the records of the early years of St. Augustine have in them so much that is dark and cruel and forbidding in Spanish character, we ought to be grateful both for the generous enterprise which planned this architectural adornment of the city, and for the good taste which has embodied in that adornment a reminder of the brighter qualities of the Spanish race, its genius and its art.

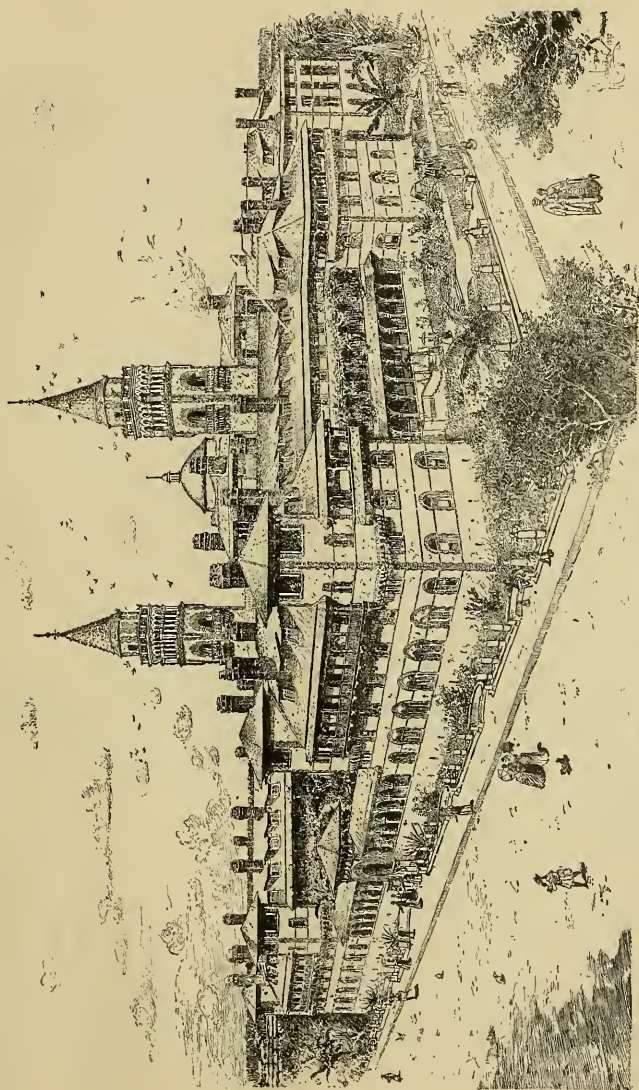
The grounds chosen as a site were those which will be readily identified by former visitors, when it is stated that they included the Anderson and Ball estates. These were and are the most beautiful in St. Augustine, with groves of orange and lemon, moss-hung lanes, orange archways, mulberries, magnolias and myrtles, palms and palmettos, lawns, hedges and rose gardens. Amid these surroundings has risen the Hotel Ponce de Leon, imposing in magnitude, graceful in proportions, beautiful in design and exquisite in the profusion and richness of its decorative details.

The general arrangement of the hotel is shown in the illustration on page 29. The main structure is built on three sides of a quadrangular court, on the fourth side of which extends a one-story portico, with a gateway in the center. The frontage on the Alameda is 380 feet, the depth on Cordova street 520 feet. The inclosed court is 150 feet square. The main building with the court covers an area of four and one-half acres, the dining hall and the other buildings one and one-half acres more. The towers rise 165 feet against the sky. The hotel has 450 rooms. These are figures of magnitude; and yet so beautiful is the composition, so true are the proportions, so varied the outlines, that the vast size is not at first comprehended nor thought of. Only after familiarity do we gain a conception of the magnificent distances. Moreover, simply to regard it as a great inn, even though as one unsurpassed for elegance and luxury, is to take an inadequate view of the Ponce de Leon. A vast caravansary indeed, but first and chiefly an example of architectural design, commanding admiration and repaying careful study; its qualities to be appreciated aright only by those who can estimate them by some other measure than the ordinary American standards of bigness and cost.

As we approach the hotel, attention is first attracted to the graceful towers, then to the great dome and its copper lantern, and then to the broad roofs with their red crinkled tiles and their dormer windows, the porticoes, loggias, and the corner turrets, carried up into low towers with open galleries and overhanging roofs.

The main material is the shell concrete, which has been described in the foregoing chapter; and the hotel thus partakes of the monolithic character of concrete buildings. Brick is used in the arches and window jambs; and the corbels, balconies and ornaments are of terra-cotta.

The color effects are in the highest degree pleasing. The prevailing tint is the



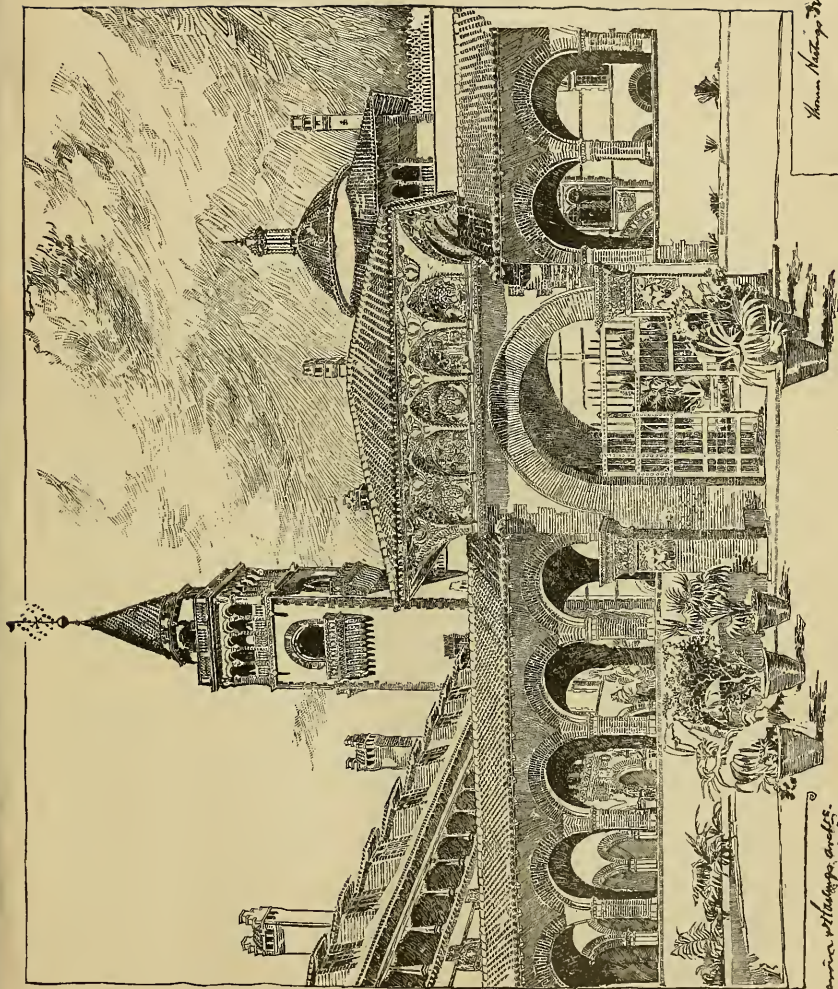
HOTEL PONCE DE LEON—SOUTH AND EAST FRONTS.

delicate pearl-gray of the concrete, which turns to a blue in the shadows, and serves most admirably to set off the red brick work, the bright salmon of the terra-cotta, and the glowing red of the Spanish roof tiles. The shades harmonize deliciously. It is worth while, too, to note the entire absence of paint, and that the color effects of the exterior are all secured by the inherent shades of the materials of construction. This rule likewise prevails in the court, which, in keeping with the Spanish Renaissance style, is more highly decorated than the outer walls; and again in the marbles and woodwork of the interior.

From no point of view are the external forms and colors other than pleasing; there are no blank sheer walls, nor any unfinished sides to hide; everywhere is completeness, and everywhere dignity and grace of outline. Thus viewed from without, the hotel is a structure whose architectural merits are not fully comprehended on the instant. The effects vary with the hours; all day long the changing lights and the play of the shadows reveal new combinations of beauty, and when illuminated at night the hotel is still a delight to the eye. For the Ponce de Leon, it must be remembered, is a true work of art, and like every creation of cultivated taste, it improves with study, and growing on one commands renewed admiration the longer it is contemplated.

If this is true of the general impression, when one looks upon it from the Alameda, or from the west through the green foliage of orange and oak, much more is it true when we come to study the details of construction and decoration within. As we have said, the dream of the projector of this palatial structure did not end with the erection of a richly appointed and luxurious hotel; his purpose reached beyond this and demanded that as the shell material of the walls was found here on Anastasia Island, and the hotel was in its very structure to be of St. Augustine, so in their decoration the walls should speak as with a thousand tongues of Spanish St. Augustine and its storied past. The architects and artists spent two years in perfecting these details; and how successfully their task has been accomplished will be seen on a closer examination. We shall miss a full appreciation of the merits of their work, unless we bear constantly in mind the historical theme they have sought to illustrate; the significance of the adornments are not to be comprehended by one who is ignorant of or wholly indifferent to the chronicles of St. Augustine.

The historic symbolism of the decoration is to be observed at the very gateway of the court. The entrance, in the center of the one-story portico, on the Alameda, is designated by two independent gateposts, on each one of which, carved in high relief, is a lion's masque. It is the heraldic lion of Leon, that sturdy Spanish town which so long and so bravely withstood the Moors; and an emblem, too, of the doughty warrior, Juan Ponce de Leon, proclaimed in his epitaph "a lion in name and a lion in heart." These posts have highly finished capitals in Spanish Renaissance patterns. The full-centered arch of the gateway is surmounted by a heavy overhanging roof; and in the deep coves of the eaves are arched panels filled with arabesques and tracery in richly-tinted faience. Above, repeated in the spandrels of the panel arches, is the stag's head, the sacred totem of Seloy.



Henry M. Sells

PORTICO AND GATEWAY OF HOTEL PONCE DE LEON.

*Carver, Village, and
Pavilion, 1892.*

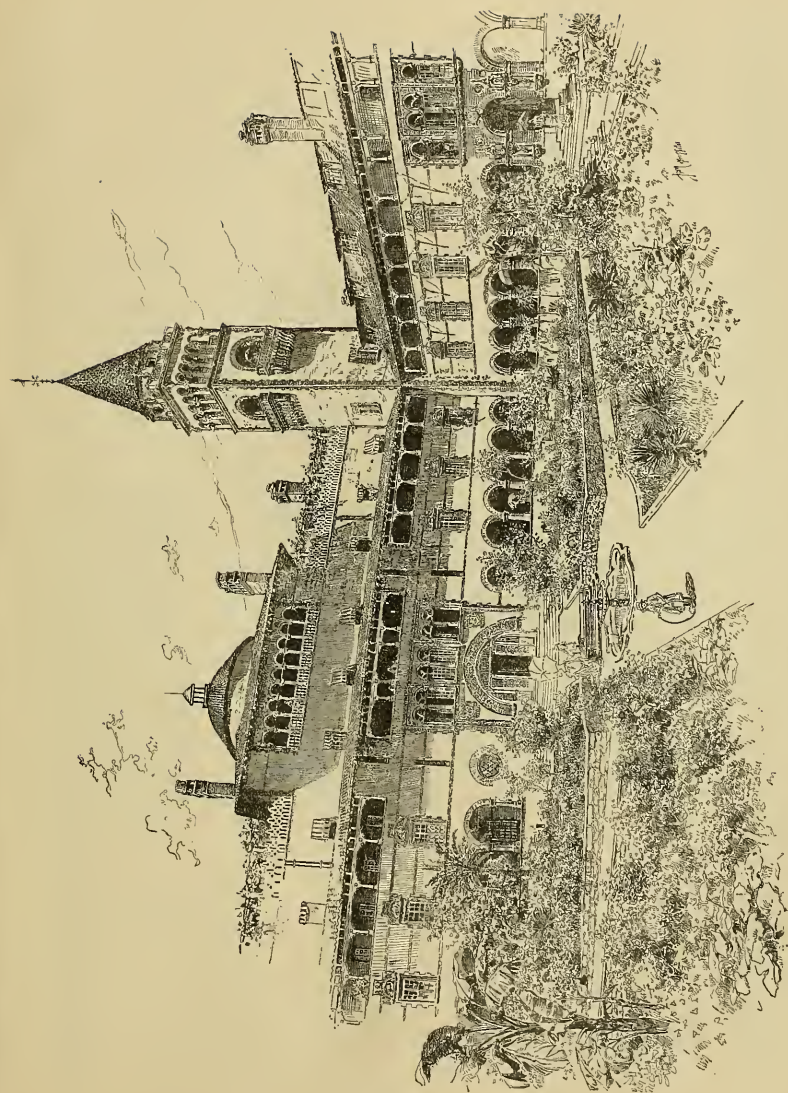
Without the council hall, aloft on its staff was the effigy of an antlered stag, looking out over the ocean toward the sunrise. For annually, at the coming of spring, the people of Seloy selected the skin of a huge deer, stuffed it with choicest herbs and decked it with fruits and flowers; and then bearing it with music and song to the appointed spot and setting it up on its lofty perch, consecrated it as a new offering to the Sun god, that because of it he might smile upon the fields and fructify the planted seed and send to his children an abundant harvest—*Old St. Augustine, "The Huguenots in Florida."*

Passing beneath the raised portcullis of the gateway and through the portico, we enter the fountain court, a delicious mass of foliage in many shades of green, with tropical plants, waving plumes, brilliant flowers, and a fountain plashing in the center. On the north side of the court, directly opposite the gateway, is the grand entrance; and in the centers of the wings, east and west, are other entrances. From the gateway and the entrances walks converge to the fountain in the center, and are intersected by another circular walk, which runs around the court. The whole area is thus divided into garden terraces of geometric patterns, after the Spanish manner. The court is surrounded by arcades, whose pillars and arches give them the character of cloistered walks. Rooms open upon the arcades, vines clamber over their arches, and easy chairs invite to repose. The ranges of windows in the second story are broken, in the spaces above the doorways, by arched open balconies; and around the third story, just beneath the overhanging roof, is a continuous loggia, whose carved woodwork is in pleasant contrast with the masonry. Still higher, in the great red roofs, are the rows of dormer-windows, giving a cosy, home-like character to the whole composition, and suggesting swallows under the eaves, although there are no swallows here. The central dome of the main building is one of the distinguishing features of the Spanish Renaissance, and the open arcaded story at the top was with the architects of that period a favorite device to secure lightness and deep shadows.

Turn which way we will in the court, there are charming combinations of light and shade; the general effect is restful; there are cool inviting vistas everywhere. Here, where the sun shines in winter as in summer, the architects have improved every opportunity to make the most of shadow effects; and the overhanging roofs, affording grateful shade, are repeated again and again.

From the gateway of the court the majestic towers are seen for the first time in their full proportions. The towers are square, with a balustrade about the top, and from the upper platform is carried up a round tower, with high conical roof, surmounted by an elaborate metal finial. Each side of the square tower is pierced near the top with an arched window, opening upon a flat corbelled balcony, with a low projection. These windows remind us of the balconies of Mohammedan mosques; and from them, at morning, noon or nightfall, we might almost expect to hear the muezzin's call to prayer. Above these windows is an open gallery of observation. The massive and donjon character, which towers of this magnitude might easily have, has been entirely avoided, and their chief characteristic, considering the size, is an airy lightness entirely in keeping with the remainder of the composition. The shadow and color combinations, as the eye follows the stately tower to the bright metal tip, 165 feet against the blue sky, are changeful and effective.

Crossing the court, past the fountain—which is a well-ordered combination of



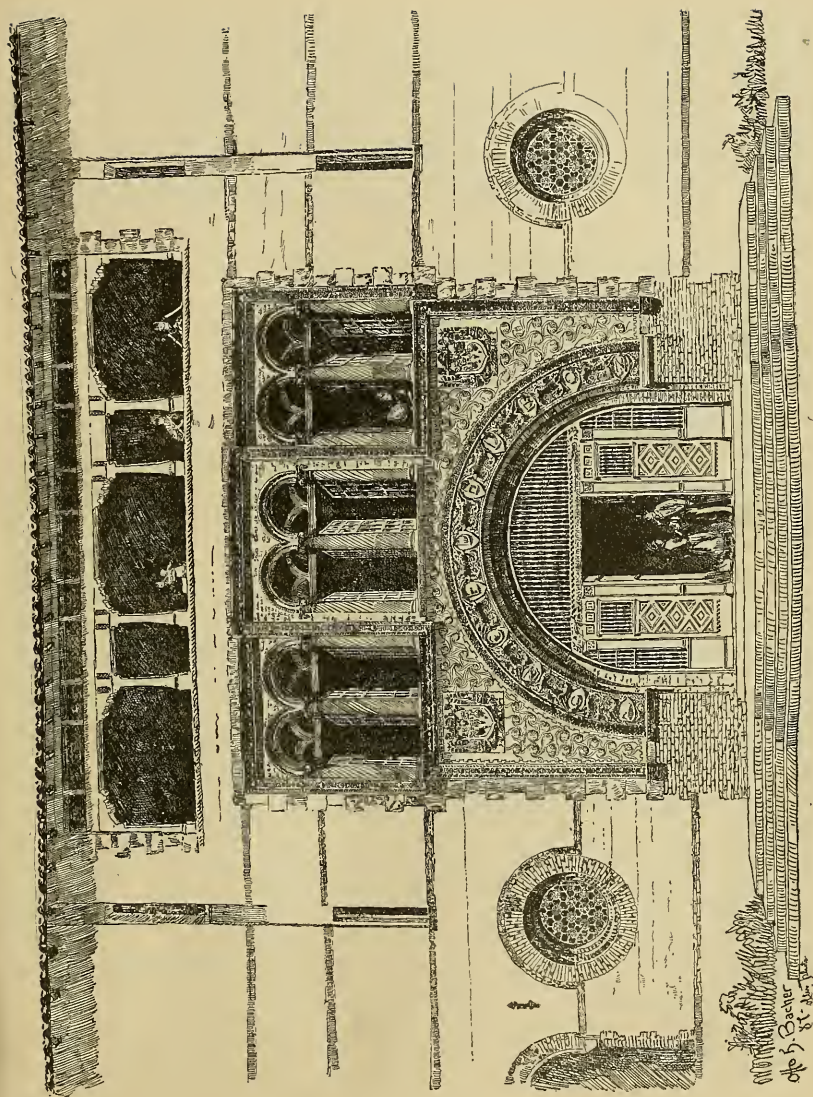
HOTEL PONCE DE LEON—VIEW OF MAIN COURT.

marble, stone and terra-cotta, the shaft being of terra-cotta inlaid with marble mosaics, surrounded with grotesque frogs and turtles and other water creatures in the basins, all spouting water in different directions—we approach the grand entrance. This is a full-centered arch, twenty feet wide. Around the face of the arch, in a broad band, carved in relief on a row of shields, a letter to a shield, runs the legend, *Ponce de Leon*. Garlands depend from the shields, which are supported by mermaids. This is another suggestion of the sea as the source whence came the shell composite of the hotel walls; and also of the sea as the field of his achievements whose name is here inscribed. The suggestion is further emphasized in the shell-patterned diaper in the spandrels of the arch, and yet again in the marine devices of the coats-of-arms on the two shields. To complete the composition of the doorway, there are above the main arch six small full-centered arches, in pairs, carried on spirally-fluted columns. About each pair of arches is an elaborate belt moulding, which is also carried down in vertical lines on each side of the main door, terminating in corbels at the springing line of the arch. On either side of the door is a circular window of stained-glass of geometric pattern.

The other entrances, on the east and west, should have attention before we leave the court. In the wall, on each side of the doorway, is a deep fountain niche, with the top carried up into pinnacles, which give fine shadow effects. The water issues from the mouth of a dolphin. Above the door, in the key of the arch, is a shield with a shell device, and medallions with Spanish proverbs occupy the spandrels. As in the main entrance, the composition of the doorway is completed by arched openings above; the arches are carried on similar spirally-fluted columns, and there are elaborate belt mouldings. The dolphins of the fountain niches have special appropriateness; they are not only typical of the sea, but have a local significance as well, for the bay of St. Augustine once bore the name River of Dolphins, given it by Laudonnière, the Huguenot captain, who anchored his ships here in 1564 (see p. 75). The allusion to the sea, in the dolphins and the shells, is a motive repeated again and again throughout the hotel; even the door-knobs are modeled after shells.

The garlands and Cupids on the window caps and the other decorations and ornaments of the court deserve a more minute description, but their elaborateness and profuseness forbid more than just an indication of them. The amount of wall space is so enormous that it was impossible to treat all the surfaces with like richness; this led the architects to distribute the ornamentation and make it very rich, thus forming the most happy contrasts, really producing all the effect that it was possible to obtain, and avoiding the fault of over-decoration.

Standing in the doorway of the main entrance and looking through the pillars of the vestibule to the caryatides of the rotunda, and beyond them to the marble columns at the entrance of the dining hall, we begin to have some conception of how rich and palatial is the hotel. The vestibule opens upon a corridor, surrounding a rotunda which occupies the great central space of this main building. On the right a broad hall leads past the hotel office to various public rooms; another on the left leads to the ground parlor; and directly opposite, a broad marble stairway ascends to the dining hall. The pavement of vestibule, corridor and rotunda is a mosaic of tiny



HOTEL PONCE DE LEON—MAIN ENTRANCE OF HOTEL.

bits of marble, laid in Renaissance manner. The wainscoting of the vestibule is of choice Numidian marbles imported from Africa; that of the corridor is of quartered oak. Marble fireplaces of generous dimensions give an air of welcome, and all the suggestions are of hospitality and comfort.

In composition and decoration the rotunda is a marvel of grace and beauty. The immense dome is supported by four massive piers and eight pillars of oak, carved into caryatides of life size, cut from the solid quartered wood, and terminating in fluted shafts. The sylph-like figures have laughing, mischievous faces, and a wondrous semblance of life. They are in groups of four, standing back to back; and so graceful are the forms, so light and airy the poses, we forget the tremendous weight they are supporting. The rotunda is four stories in height, forming arcades and galleries at each story whose arches and columns are of different designs. These galleries overhang each other, and are supported by decorated vaults forming penetrations. The effect is most pleasing, as one looks up through the entire open space, to the great circular penetration in the vault of the dome, sixty-eight feet above.

While the decorations here are true to the Spanish Renaissance style, the motives for them have been found in the Spain and the Florida of the sixteenth century; the symbolism is of the spirit of that age and the impulses which then held sway. Painted on the pendentives of the cove ceiling of the second story, are seated female figures typical of Adventure, Discovery, Conquest and Civilization. Four other figures, which are standing, represent the elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water. The paintings are in oil on a silver ground; the colors are rich and varied, and the accessories chosen with excellent taste. In the four subjects last named the composition is completed with arabesque figures of appropriate designs; and the several backgrounds are scattered with distinctive emblematic devices.

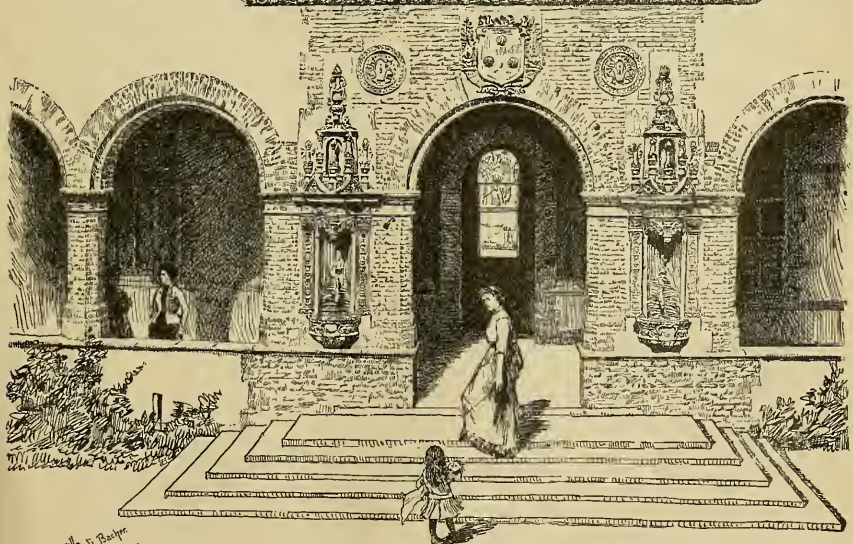
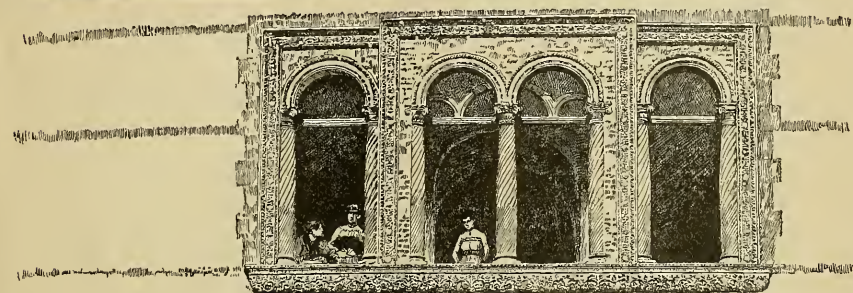
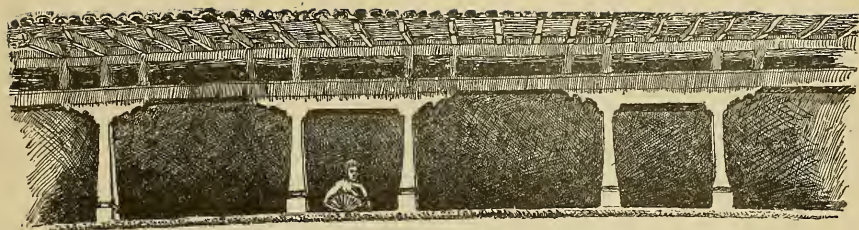
Adventure wears a cuirass and in her helmet an eagle's crest. She holds a drawn sword. The pose is eager and alert; the features and the bearing denote reckless enterprise, courage, readiness to encounter peril, and the resolution which overcomes. The emblems on the background are arrows radiating in different directions.

Discovery is robed in drapery whose blue is the blue of the sea. In her right hand is held a globe, the other rests upon a tiller. The pose of the head and the far reaching gaze are as if with swelling heart she were surveying the outstretched expanse of a newly-revealed continent. The emblems are sails.

Conquest, clad in martial red, with helmet and cuirass of mail, firmly grasps an upright sword, significant of might and war-won supremacy. The look in her face is of exultant mastery, grim consciousness of power, and a purpose inexorable. On the background are daggers.

Civilization is clothed in white and wears a crown. In her lap is an open book, the symbol of knowledge. Her face has the repose of dignity and benevolence. The background reveals the repeated figure of the cross, suggesting the civilizing influences of Christianity.

Earth is represented as of dark complexion and is clad in robes of russet. She extends a horn of plenty, overflowing with fruits and the bounties of the earth; and by gracefully floating ribbons holds captive two peacocks, the most gorgeous birds of



Chas. B. Beane
of New York

LADIES' ENTRANCE HOTEL PONCE DE LEON.

the earth, as distinguished from those of the air. Snails are the devices on the background.

Air is an ethereal form, with winged heels, fair hair and diaphanous drapery of a very pale blue tint which fades at times almost into absence of color. One hand restrains the flight of two magnificent eagles, and in the other are lightly held dandelion downs, ready at a breath to spring into the air and float away on the zephyrs. This is one of the most charming conceits in the whole scheme of decoration. The emblems on the background are dragon-flies and butterflies.

The figure of *Fire*, auburn-haired and clothed in drapery of glowing red, stands amid tongues of flame and holds on high a blazing torch. The arabesques are salamanders, embodying the only life fabled to live in fire. The emblems are flames.

In sharp contrast with these brilliant hues are the marine tints which predominate in the pictured fancy of *Water*. She is fair-skinned and fair-haired; her robes are of a very pale green and white; and she stands in a shell to which sea-mosses are clinging. With ribbons she controls two prancing sea-horses, emblematic of the ocean's restlessness and might. On the background are starfishes.

The decorations in the penetrations are lyres with swans on either side. The lyres are surmounted alternately by a masque of the Sun god of the Florida Indians, and by the badge of the most illustrious order of Spanish knighthood, the Golden Fleece, depending from its flint-stone surrounded by flames of gold. Where this appears, the design of the border is the Collar of the Golden Fleece, the chain of double steels interlaced with flint-stones.

Below in the spandrels of the corridor arches is seen the stag's head, barbaric emblem of sun-worshipping Selyo. Shields bear the arms of the present provinces of Spain, and on cartouches are emblazoned the names of the great discoverers of America. Cornucopias are favorite forms here, as elsewhere throughout the hotel.

The decorations do not end with this story. The upper dome is modeled in high relief; around its base dances a band of laughing Cupids; between these figures are circular openings; and the vault above is all modeled with delicate tracery of pure white and gold effects; casques and sails signify the military and maritime achievements of Spain; and the crown of the dome is surrounded with eagles.

A broad stairway of marble and Mexican onyx leads from the corridor to a landing, from which is entered the passage leading to the dining hall. In delightfully antique letters set in mosaic in the floor of the landing, is the aptly chosen verse of welcome, taken from Shenstone:

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

From this landing, stairways of oak lead to the rotunda and halls above. The wainscoting of the stairways is of Verona and pink Numidian marble; and above this, set in the walls, in frames of oak, are two paintings, "The Landing of Columbus," and "The Introduction of Christianity to the Huns by Charlemagne." The passage to the doors of the dining hall is beneath a beautifully chiseled arch of Verona

marble, of a deep red color; and in the spandrels are mosaic patterns of Numidian, Verona and Sienna marbles, and African and Mexican onyx. A font-shaped balcony projects above, supporting a musicians' gallery, which overlooks both the rotunda and the dining room. This balcony is of Verona marble, and the railing is delicately carved in oak. Here again note that the effects of elegance and richness are not secured by surface paint, but by the employment of materials in which those qualities are inherent.

The dimensions of the dining hall are magnificent. It has an area of 90 by 150 feet; and there are seats for 800 guests. The main hall, 90 feet square, is divided from two semi-circular alcoves on the east and west ends by rows of oak columns. These columns support a great elliptical barrel-vault, and the clerestory is pierced with stained-glass windows, forming penetrations. The ceiling is 36 feet measured from the floor to the apex of the vault. The rounded ends of the alcoves have great bay-windows. Two musicians' galleries overhang the hall, one on the north and one on the south. In its wealth of adornment this hall is the pride and masterpiece of the hotel. Beauty of form, which everywhere charms the eye, is supplemented by richness and harmony of color, and these in turn by the good taste shown in the choice of themes for the decoration. Of the work which has here been lavished, on every side, by loving hands, no just appreciation can be had except after repeated study of the details, and no description of it can be made fully intelligible without the aid of illustrations. The light is mellowed in its passage through the stained-glass windows of the clerestory and through the magnificent masses of stained and clear leaded glass which make up almost the entire ends of the rounded extensions. The prevailing shade is a creamy yellow, variety being secured by the different colors employed in the decorations.

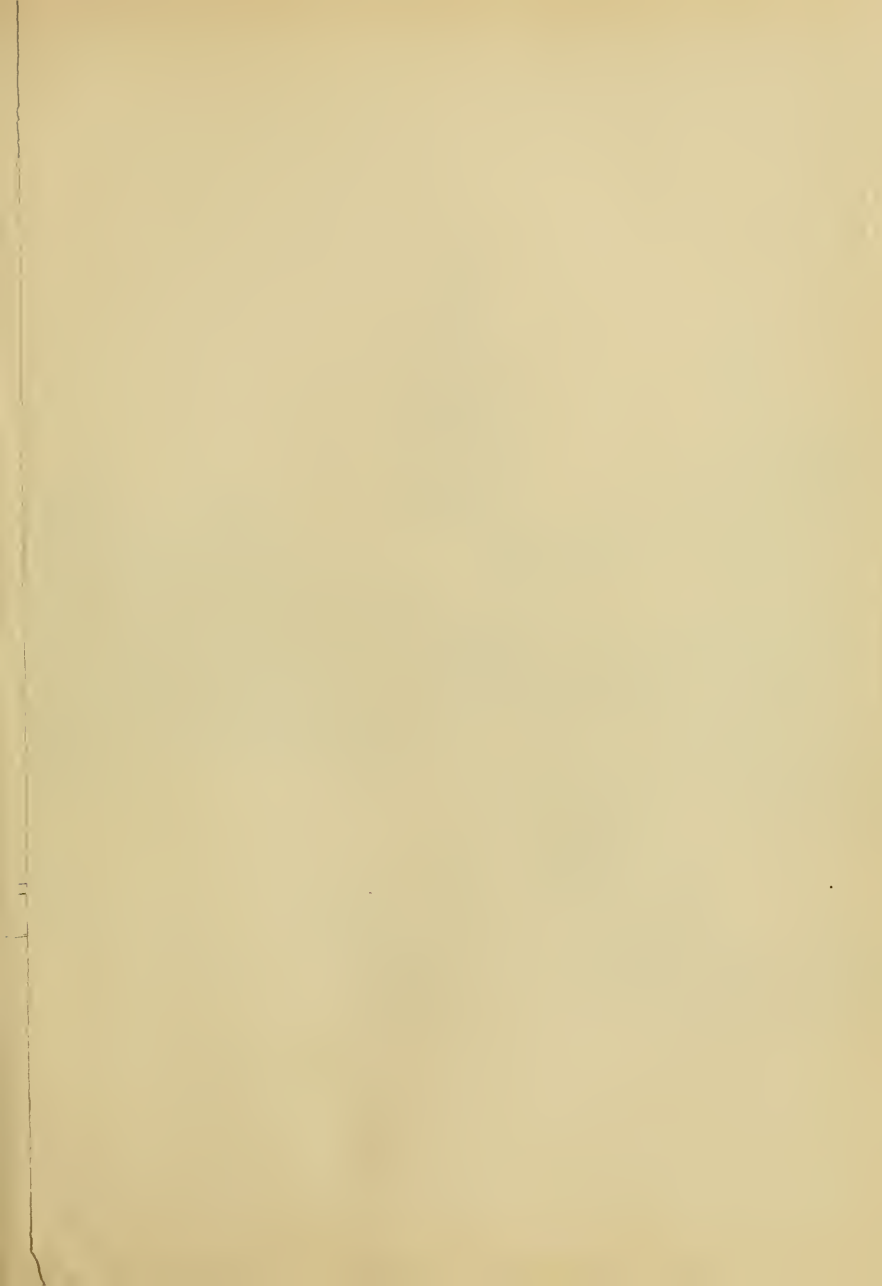
On each end, north and south, of the central hall is a high wainscoting in antique oak of choice grains. Above this, on a ground of blue green, is a panel of dancing Cupids, with roguish faces and outstretched hands, representing the feast; some extend clusters of luscious grapes, and bread and cups of wine in welcome to the guests, while others ladle steaming *olla* from great Spanish *calderons*. On the wall above are pictured ships of Spain, with sails full set and gracefully waving streamers and pennants; they are the high-pooed Spanish caravels of the sixteenth century, just such vessels as that in which came Ponce de Leon to Florida in his search for the fountain. In the key of the arch over the musicians' balcony is a shield bearing an heraldic device, with legend, "P de L.—1885—1887." Dancing girls support the shield, and outside of these are figures of Fame blowing trumpets. Four mermaids, one in each corner, support the border which goes over the ends of the ceiling. On the yellow surface of the vault are delicate arabesques traced in various colors and gold and silver.

On the pendentives between the stained-glass windows, allegorical paintings represent the Four Seasons. They are female figures, winged to typify their rapid flight; and the two different fancies present a dual conception of each subject. In grace of form not less than in their admirable color effects these paintings are as worthy of careful study as were those of the rotunda. For his colors the

artist has gone to nature. The pale draperies of *Spring* reflect the delicate green shades of the fresh May foliage; in one fancy she is pictured as sowing grain; in the other she holds spring flowers and a branch with bursting buds. The draperies of the figures of *Summer* are bright with color; in one fancy the accessories are a sheaf of wheat and a sickle; in the other luxuriant summer verdure. *Autumn* is given russet robes; one figure with bunches of purple grapes represents the vintage; the other dancing, with a tambourine, the merry-making of the harvest home. In the paintings of *Winter* the colors are rich and warm; the two aspects of the season here depicted are its hardships and its festivities; the first figure, warmly clad, with bright scarf and closely muffled hood, bears an axe and a bundle of fagots; the other partially draped is bringing in the boar's head.

In the ceiling, on a becoming ground of gold, are seen Spanish proverbs, pithy saws and admonitions to the guests below. Among them are these: *Change of pasture makes fat calves.*—*The ass that brays most eats least.*—*Old friends and old wines are the best.*—*Good wine needs no bush.* To these might well have been added that saying current among the Spaniards, in which is expressed their affectionate esteem of St. Augustine—*Never an olla without bacon nor a sermon without St. Augustine.*

The chief decorative design in the flat ceiling of the alcoves gives a concise historical summary in the form of a pictograph. The general scheme is an adaptation of the picture-writing of the American Indians—that system of hieroglyphics cut in the wasting bark of trees, or carved on the face of the enduring rock, there to remain long after the tribes whose exploits they recounted should have been swept from the earth. The primitive characters were simple and rude, but to the initiated they were as full of meaning as to us the glowing pages of the printed book. Now, to the deft artist give for a worthy theme the romantic history of Florida and St. Augustine; and let it be required of him to chronicle the story in picture-writing after the Indian style, but in characters refined and dignified and given symmetry and beauty of color—and you have the record as it is written here in letters of brown on a gold background. The theme was deserving of treatment as by one who loves his art, and in such fashion indeed has it been done. Here, sweeping along under full sail, is a Spanish galleon, the ship of Ponce de Leon, the first that came to these shores. May it not have been that in the eventful year of 1512, some Indian here in the village of Seloy recorded on a palmetto trunk the strange vision of this same ship? Other caravels mark the expeditions of Pamphilo de Narvaez, in 1527, and Hernando de Soto, in 1539. Ships with all sail set signify a successful voyage; dismasted hulks stand for disaster and shipwreck; several ships together a large fleet; forts a permanent settlement; the several nationalities are designated by their distinctive heraldic devices—the *Fleur-de-lis* of France for the Huguenots, the Lion and Castle of Spain for Menendez. A sword, skulls and crossbones commemorate the pitiful death of Jean Ribault and his fellows at Matanzas; a hand holding a dagger, and the *Fleur-de-lis* again, record the vengeance of Dominique de Gourgues. Ships and cannon mark the assaults by Drake and Davis, and the bombardments and sieges by Moore and Oglethorpe. The suc-





The Standard Guide to St. Augustine.

HOTEL PONCE DE LEON—ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA



TOWER, DOME AND ROOF TERRACE.
(By courtesy of the "American Architect.")

cessive changes of supremacy, Spanish, British, Spanish again, and finally that of the United States, are indicated by the national emblems, the American coat-of-arms closing the record at the cession of Florida to the United States in 1821. Arabesque designs of sea-horses, ridden by sea-sprites, surmount the cartouche and emphasize the ever-recurring suggestion of the sea as a field of enterprise and endeavor. Among the other decorations of these ceilings are the signs of the Zodiac, painted in antique green on a gold ground. In the penetrations and on the pendentives appear the arms of the ancient provinces of Spain, with candelabra and other designs; and supporting these candelabra are arabesques of mermaids and mermen. Three domes in each alcove, from which chandeliers depend, are filled with Renaissance ornaments.

The grand parlor is a magnificent room 104×53 feet. The effect of grandeur which attaches to a room of such dimensions, is happily supplemented by the disposition of piers and arches, which break up the parlor into easy corners. The walls and decorations are in ivory-white and gold, with Cupids and garlands and filmy drapery amid the clouds in the corner ceilings. Note of the rich furnishings of the parlor is foreign to the purpose of this chapter, but the visitor will not fail to notice the carved mantle with its clock of transparent Mexican onyx, and the numerous paintings. There are other paintings in the upper corridors of the rotunda, whose subjects have been taken from Florida history; among them is an interesting and authentic portrait of the Seminole chief Osceola.

There yet remain many features of the hotel deserving of special mention did space permit; and there are others which should have detailed description, were it the intent here to set forth the character of the building as a hotel with relation to the entertainment of guests. The design of these pages is, however, only to hint of the successful way in which the architects and artists have carried out the original plan and spirit of the Ponce de Leon, and to emphasize the justice of the claim that their work in its completion is of a character which appeals to higher than sybaritic tastes.

The architects of the Hotel Ponce de Leon were Messrs. Carrère and Hastings, of New York. The frescos and mural decorations are by Mr. Thomas Hastings and Mr. George W. Maynard, assisted by Mr. H. T. Schladermundt.

The balconies of the main tower command a prospect of many miles. Thence one may look to the east where roll the breakers on the bar, to the south where shine in the afternoon sun the walls of the old Spanish fort at Matanzas inlet, and to the west where winds the St. Sebastian. Below and on every side are the variegated shades of green which are the glory of Florida. If, as we have said, the grace of these towers has added a new charm to the town, surely they have been set amid no unworthy surroundings. Long search would have been required to discover for the Ponce de Leon a more fitting site than here in orange-embowered St. Augustine.

* * * *

On the south side of the Alameda opposite the Ponce de Leon is the Alcazar, an adjunct of the hotel, and in architecture a fitting complement of it. The Alcazar, of the Spanish Renaissance style, was designed by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings. The building material is concrete, with terra-cotta ornaments and Spanish roof tiles. These give the rich color combinations already described, and the towers, pavilions, minarets and overhanging roofs also afford the grateful shadow effects noted. At this stage of construction the crescent arcade shown in our illustration has not been added, but without it the Alcazar presents an imposing façade, and the impression of immense size is strengthened as the eye follows the line of the countless minarets and the broken outline of roofs on Cordova street. The statement has been made several times in print that the north façade is a reproduction of that of the famous Alcazar (Al-kasr, the House of Cæsar) of Seville; but this is incorrect; the two façades bear no resemblance to each other, and the Alcazar, like the Ponce de Leon,

is original throughout. Within is a court of flowers, shrubbery and vines, with an ingenious fountain playing in the center. The court—not unworthy to be compared with the patios of the Alcazars in Spain—is surrounded by an arcade, upon which open shops and offices. Beyond this court are the great swimming pools of sulphur water from the artesian wells and of salt water from the bay. South are tennis courts.

The group of concrete hotels on the Alameda is completed by the Hotel Cordova. The Cordova was designed by Mr. F. W. Smith. In style it does not follow the Spanish Renaissance architecture; the suggestions for its heavy walls and battlemented towers were found in the strong castles and town defenses of Spain; it recalls those architectural monuments of the warring ages of the past; vast piles of masonry, which grew with the increments of hundreds of years, amid the conflicts of Roman and Goth and Moor and Christian. Thus the archway on the north façade, formerly a gateway, flanked by massive towers round and square, was an adaptation of the Puerto del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, of Toledo, one of the famous remains of the Moorish dominion in Spain. There is something in the strength of the Cordova that recalls to old residents of St. Augustine the coquina defenses which once distinguished this locality; opposite the Cordova was the high-walled garden of the Spanish Governor with its battery facing the west. The balconies of the lower range of windows are the “kneeling balconies” of Seville, so called because the protruding base was devised by Michael Angelo to permit the faithful to kneel at the passing of religious festivals.

* * * * *

The Memorial Presbyterian Church, erected in 1889 by Mr. H. M. Flagler, occupies a site on Valencia and Sevilla streets, northwest of the Hotel Ponce de Leon. It is an elaborate structure, in the style of the Venetian Renaissance, and was designed by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings. In wealth of exterior decoration the building surpasses any other one in St. Augustine. Our illustration is from the architects' drawing; certain details here given, as in the finishing of the dome, have been modified in the final scheme; the point of view is on Sevilla street, showing the east side of the church, with the parsonage. While the grace of form and outline is indicated in the engraving, it is manifestly impossible that any printed illustration should give a true conception of the richness and beauty to which color contributes so essential a part. This is all the more true when, as in the present instance, the color effects have not been left to hap-hazard, nor been determined by the exigencies of the material employed; but have been carefully and with good artistic taste determined upon beforehand and selected, as was the design of the building itself, with intelligent reference to the site and its surroundings. To know what happy success has been achieved, one must study the Memorial Church, and with pleased eye note the harmonious blending of its colors and its grateful contrasts; the pearl gray, the body color of the shell concrete, with the cream white of the terra cotta and the golden yellow of the brick work, the bronze finials, the great copper dome; and the Florida foliage and sunlight and sky to complete the charm of the picture.

THE CITY GATEWAY.

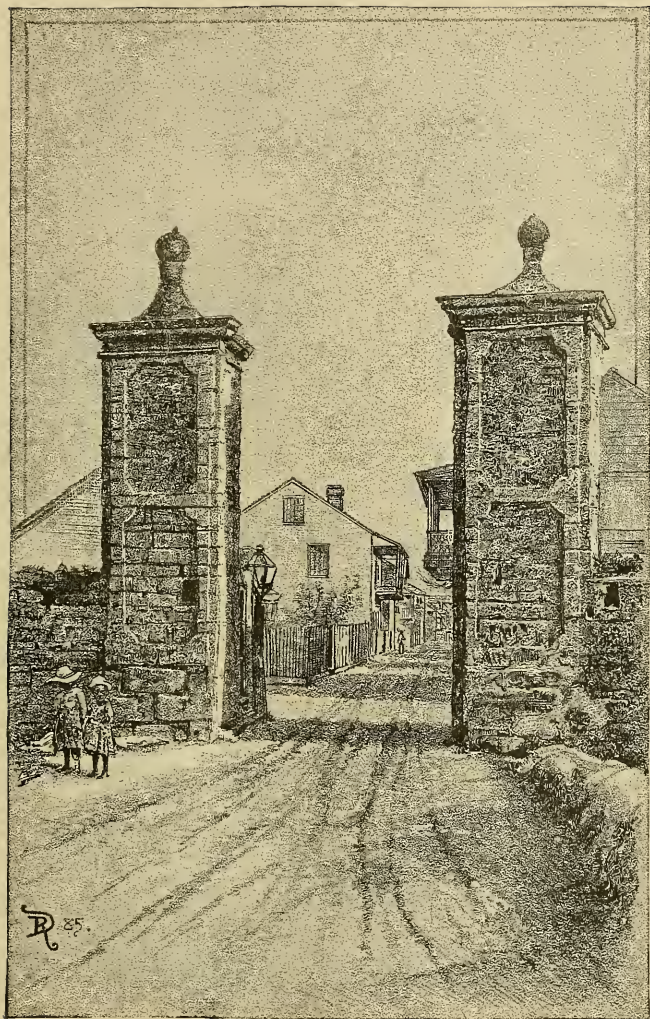
At the head of St. George Street.



LANDMARKS are rapidly disappearing from St. Augustine, but the pillars of the ancient city gateway still remain as notable monuments of the past. When first seen these towers are quite likely to be a disappointment, for their proportions are not so grand as they are often pictured. Moreover the gate has been outgrown and dwarfed; and it no longer possesses the advantage of a commanding position on the town's outskirts. Dwellings crowd close upon it, overtopping the towers; a huge hotel looms up beyond. Irreverence might even dub the gateway ridiculous.

But it was not always so. Inconsequential as may be these towers now, there was a time when they stood out bravely enough, and when in their security St. Augustine rejoiced. In those days they looked out upon an illimitable wilderness; the belated traveler hurried on to their shelter; and the town slept securely when the Barrier Gate was fast shut against the midnight approach of a foe from without. Stoutly their walls gave their strength when it was needed, and defended for the King of Spain his garrison town in Florida. They have witnessed many a narrow escape and many a gallant rescue. More than once have they trembled with the shock of assault, and more than once driven back the foe repulsed. To-day, dismantled and useless, out of keeping with the customs of the day and the spirit of the age, long since left behind by the outstretching town, the picturesque old ruins linger as cherished landmarks. Here we are on historic ground.

The gateway is the only conspicuous relic of the elaborate system of fortifications which once defended St. Augustine. The town being on a narrow peninsula running south, an enemy could approach by land only from the north. Across this northern boundary, east and west, from water to water, ran lines of fortification, which effectually barred approach. From the Fort a deep ditch ran across to the St. Sebastian; and was defended by a high parapet, with redoubts and batteries. The ditch was flooded at high tide. Entrance to the town was by a drawbridge across the moat and through the gate. Earthworks extended along the St. Sebastian River in the rear (west) of the town, and around to the Matanzas again on the south. The gate was closed at night. Guards were stationed in the sentry boxes. Just within the gate was a guard house, with a detachment of troops.



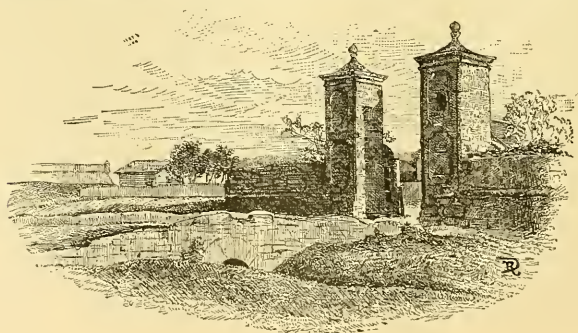
RUINS OF GATEWAY.

The line of the ditch and parapet may still be traced along Orange street; and the remains of some of the old earthworks are to be seen along the St. Sebastian.

Emerging from these solitudes and shades, we espied the distant yet distinct lights of the watch towers of the fortress of St. Augustine, delightful beacons to my weary pilgrimage. The clock was striking ten as I reached the foot of the drawbridge; the sentinels were passing the *alerto*, as I demanded entrance; having answered the preliminary questions, the drawbridge was slowly lowered. The officer of the guard, having received my name and wishes, sent a communication to the governor, who issued orders for my immediate admission. On opening the gate, the guard was ready to receive me, and a file of men, with their officer, escorted me to his Excellency, who expressed his satisfaction at my revisit to Florida.—*Voyage to the Spanish Main*, 1817.

The towers are very old. They had fallen into partial ruin so early as the beginning of the present century. In 1810, at the Governor's command, all the town's male inhabitants between 12 and 60 years of age were compelled to labor at the restoration of the gate and the other fortifications. At a later date the west tower was partially demolished and clumsily rebuilt. The stone causeway leading out from the gate is modern. The sentry boxes have recently been repaired and are now furnished with iron gratings to protect them from vandals who know no better than to chip off pieces of stone as relics. The material is coquina. The pillars are 20 feet in height, to the mouldings; and 10 feet deep; the flanking walls are 30 feet in length; roadway between the pillars, 12 feet. The walls were formerly provided with banquettes, or raised platforms on the interior, upon which the guard stepped to discharge his fire over the wall, with a single step regaining shelter.

Even the pillars of the city gate, which next to the fort are the chief memorials of Old St. Augustine, have barely escaped demolition at the hand of the vandal; for once upon a time, a contractor was assigned the work of building a stone causeway from the gate, in the place of the old drawbridge, which formerly crossed the ditch at that point; and being in need of coquina, this unworthy workman, laying violent hands on what was nearest, began to tear away the gateway pillars. Compelled to restore the plundered stone to its place, he botched the work, and in the clumsy restoration has left an enduring monument of his lazy shiftlessness.—*Old St. Augustine*.



RUINS OF GATEWAY—FROM THE NORTHWEST.

THE PLAZA.



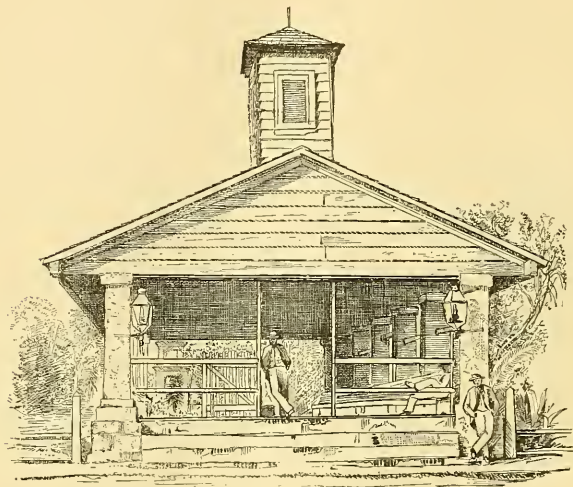
PLEASEING bit of greensward in the center of the town is the Plaza. It is a public park of shrubbery and shade trees, with monuments and fountains, an antiquated market place inviting one to loiter, and an outlook to the east over the bay and Anastasia Island to the sails of ships at sea. All this is the more charming to those who remember the Plaza—not so many years ago—when it was an unshaded, unkempt, uninviting waste of scanty turf and blowing sand. Long before those days it had been beautiful with orange trees, whose wonderful size and fruitfulness are yet among the town's traditions. The square is diminutive, but it is unconsciously mag-

nified because of the contrast to the narrow streets whence one emerges upon its stretch of greensward.

The open structure on the east end of the Plaza is commonly pointed out as the "old slave pen," or "slave market," and it is sometimes alleged to have been of Spanish origin. It never was used as a "slave pen," nor as a "slave market," nor had the Spaniards anything to do with it, for they had left the country twenty years before it was built. The market (burned in 1887 and restored) was built in 1840; it was intended for a very prosaic and commonplace use, the sale of meat and other food supplies, and it was devoted to that use. A print of the town in 1848 shows the market thronged with men and women with baskets; and it is hardly worth while to point out that in those days purchasers did not carry home human chattels in baskets. The requirements of St. Augustine long since outgrew this primitive style of mart, and the Plaza market has become a lounging place where idlers bask in the sun and exchange gossip.

It was not until the influx of curiosity seeking tourists, after the Civil War that any one thought of dubbing the Plaza market a "slave pen" or "slave market." The ingenious photographer who labeled his views of the old meat market "slave pen" sold so many of them to sensation hungry strangers that he has since retired with a competence; and when he sets up a crest he will no doubt take for his arms a negro in chains, after the fashion of old John Hawkins, father of the British slave

trade. The "slave market," "Huguenot Cemetery" and "oldest house" yarns have been told so often to credulous visitors that there are now some residents of St. Augustine who actually almost believe the stories themselves. There have been never wanting strangers to give implicit belief to the tales, and forgetting all the romantic conflicts of the past waged here in St. Augustine, to stand and gape in



THE OLD PLAZA MARKET.

foolish wonder at the old market; just as in like manner, perhaps, if brought into the presence of a hero of a hundred fateful conflicts, they would ignore the record of his valor and stand lost in vulgar contemplation of a wart on his nose.

There is the "Plaza de la Constitution" [*sic*], where the good Christians burnt their brethren a century ago. * * * In the center stands the curious old market place, * * * this was the ancient slave mart, where God's image, carved in ebony, was bought and sold in most ungodly fashion; there is the place where they stood ranged in rows like cattle in a pen, so that the purchasers might walk to and fro examining them from all points to see that they had their money's worth.—*Lady Duffus Hardy*, "*Down South*."

All of which is interesting chiefly because it shows us that in writing grotesque accounts of what he thinks he sees in this country the traveling Englishman can be outdone by his countrywomen. Nero is credited with having burned Christians in oil to light up his orgies. Lady Hardy appears ruthlessly to have made the St. Augustine "Christians burn their brethren," for no other reason than to light her page with a

dime novel glow. The list is long of writers on St. Augustine of whom it might be said that they would do better "not to know so much than to know so many things that aint so." Even Henry W. Longfellow wrote, in *Poems of Places*, that St. Augustine had "been many times ravaged by the French, Indians and Spanish;" but of not a one of these ravagings does history give us any account, unless we reckon as "French" the Boucaniers from Hispaniola, who came here in 1665 under the leadership of Admiral Davis, fell upon the town, drove out the inhabitants, sacked and burned the dwellings, and sailed away with little booty for their pains.

The park takes its name of Plaza de la Constitucion from the monument erected here by the Spaniards in 1813. This is a pyramid of coquina, stuccoed and white-washed, rising from a stone pedestal, and surmounted by a cannon ball. It is not a work of high artistic pretension, nor of very imposing proportions, but its history is curious. The existence of such a memorial here in the United States is incongruous, for it commemorates a minor event of European history.

In 1812, the Spanish Cortes completed the formation of a new and liberal constitution. In commemoration of this, monuments were erected in Spain and the Spanish provinces. Among others was this one in the province of Florida, the square then taking the name *Plaza de la Constitucion*. Finally, in 1814, the war for independence was brought to a successful termination; and Ferdinand VII., having pledged himself to support the new constitution, was recalled to the throne. Once in power, almost his first act was to repudiate the new constitution and declare it null and void. Throughout Spain and her American dependencies it was commanded that the monuments erected two years previously in commemoration of the constitution, should be destroyed. Notwithstanding the royal decree, this one in Florida was not torn down. The tablets were removed, but four years later (1818) were restored to their places, where they have remained ever since.—"Old St. Augustine," *Later Years*.

Plaza de la Constitucion.

Promulgada en esta Ciudad de San
Agustin de la Florida Oriental en
17 de Octubre de 1812 siendo Gobernador
el Brigadier Don Sebastian Kindalem
Caballero del Orden de Santiago

Pera eterna memoria.

El Ayuntamiento Constitucional Erigio
este Obelisco dirigido por Don Fernando
de la Maza Arredondo el joven Regidor
Decano y Don Francisco Robira
Procurador Sindico..

Año de 1813

The Spanish inscription on the monument sets forth, as translated: "Plaza of the Constitution, promulgated in the city of St. Augustine, in East Florida, on the 17th day of October, in the year 1812; the Brigadier Don Sebastian Kindalem, Knight of the Order of Santiago, being Governor. For eternal remembrance the Constitutional City Council erected this monument, under the superintendence of Don Fernando de la Maza Arredondo, the young municipal officer, oldest member of the corporation, and Don Francisco Robira, Attorney and Recorder. In the year 1813."

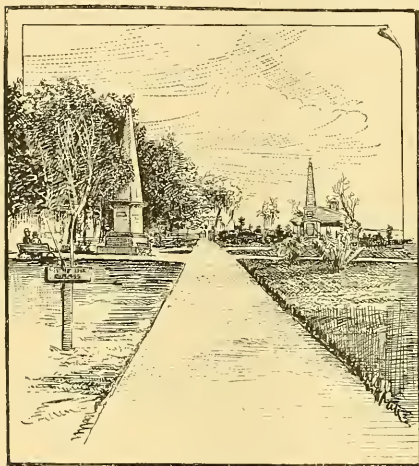
A second monument in the Plaza, erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association, commemorates the volunteers from St. Augustine and vicinity, who lost their lives in the Confederate service. The shaft is of coquina, and bears the inscriptions: "Our Dead. Erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association of St. Augustine, Fla., A. D. 1872." "In Memoriam. Our loved ones who gave their lives in the service of the Confederate States." "They died far from the home that gave them birth." "They have crossed the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Originally, no doubt, the square was designed as a parade for the maneuvering of troops. On a map of the town in British times, given in *Old St. Augustine*, it is designated as "The Parade Ground." For this purpose it was employed so late as 1865, when the sunset dress-parade of the United States troops on the Plaza was—next to the daily arrival of the mail stage—the great event of the day.

Always a place of public assemblage, the Plaza has been the scene of two incidents which strikingly illustrate the curious vicissitudes of the town's history. The first of these was on that historic night in the year 1776 when the loyal British sub-

jects of King George III. came together here and burned in effigy two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The second one, nearly a hundred years later, was the Fourth of July gathering of the citizens of St. Augustine in mass meeting on the Plaza to applaud the reading of that Declaration, which had now a new meaning because cemented and made good by the tremendous conflicts, the priceless sacrifices of the Civil War.

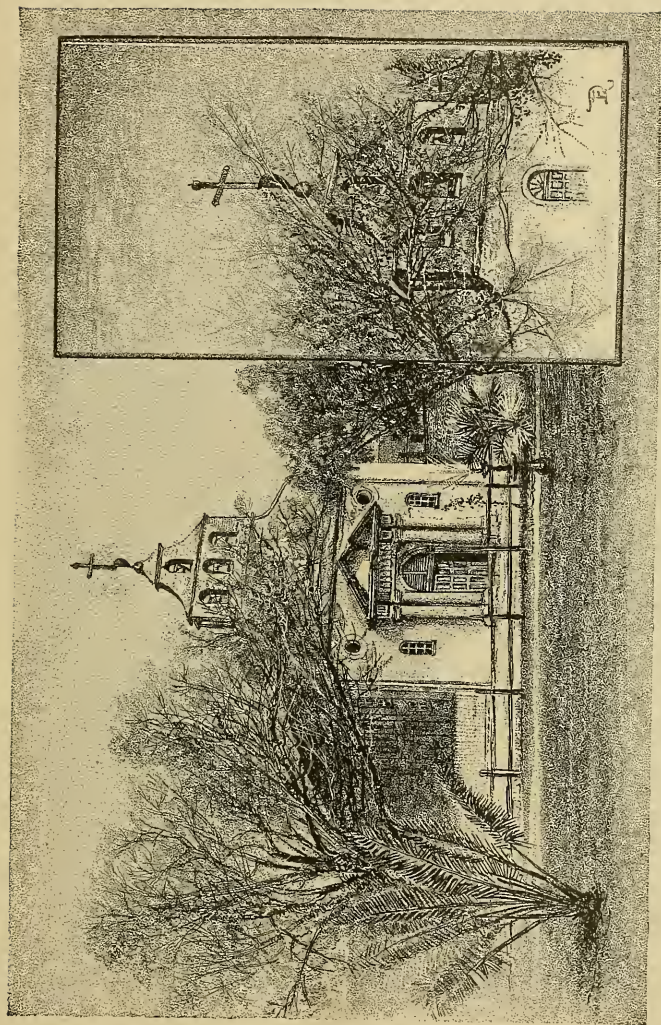
A person of antiquarian tastes might find much of interest in the alterations which have been made during the last fifty years in the Plaza surroundings. The Alameda was originally a high-walled alley ten feet wide; another wall shut in the lot where the Post Office stands on the site



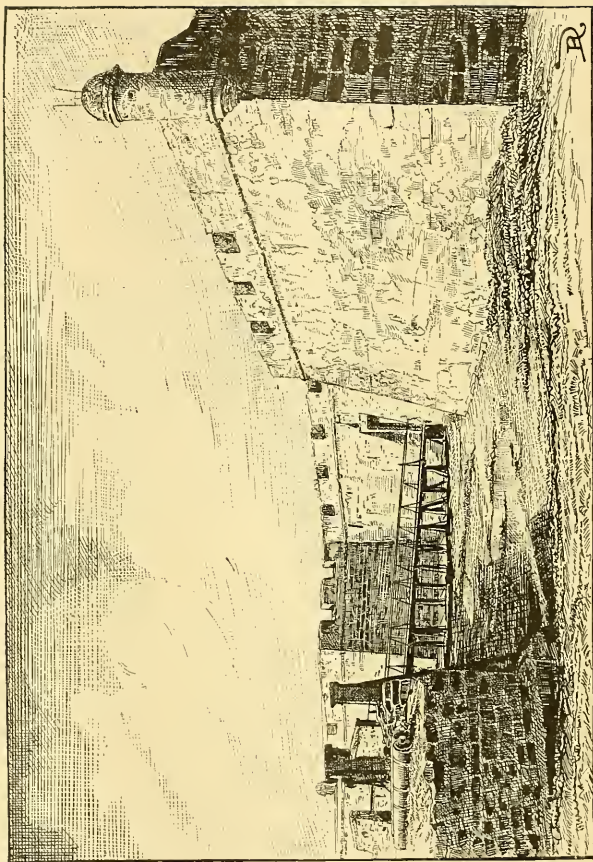
THE PLAZA.

of the old Governor's house, and another extended from St. George street south to the Cathedral, and then to Charlotte street, where in Spanish times stood the guard house.

Facing the Plaza on the west (St. George street) is the Post Office; the east end is open to the bay. On the south rises the spire of Trinity Church; and on the north St. Joseph's Cathedral. The edifice was completed in 1791, burned in 1887 and rebuilt and enlarged in 1887-88. One of the original bells bears the inscription, "SANCTE · JOSEPH · ORA · PRO · NOBIS · D · 1682." It has been claimed that this bell is the oldest on the continent; it may be the most ancient within the limits of the United States; it antedates by three years the famous bell in the Dutch church at Tarrytown, N. Y., which bears the date 1685. The Cathedral is not old when compared with numerous other church edifices in this country; it is, for example, nearly a hundred years more modern than the Tarrytown church referred to.

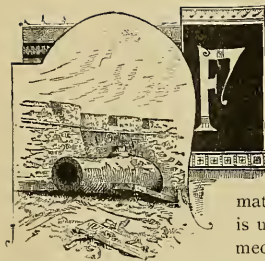


THE CATHEDRAL.
As it appeared before the fire of 1887.



FORT MARION—FROM THE WATER BATTERY.

FORT MARION.



FORT MARION is at the north end of the sea-wall and commands the harbor. It is not occupied by troops. Open daily (admission free) from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Afternoon is the most pleasant time for visiting the fort. Sergeant George M. Brown, who is in charge, will conduct visitors through the casemates. For this service, which is entirely voluntary, a fee is usually given. The fort, which is the only example of mediæval fortification on this continent, is a magnificent

specimen of the art of military engineering as developed at the time of its construction. It is a massive structure of coquina stone, with curtains, bastions, moat and outworks, covering, with the reservation, more than twenty-two acres.

Surrounding the fort on the three land sides is an immense artificial hill of earth, called the *glacis*. From the crest of the glacis on the southeast, a bridge (1), formerly a *drawbridge*, leads across part of the moat to the *barbacan*. The *barbacan* is a fortification, surrounded by the moat, directly in front of the fort entrance, which it was designed to protect. In the barbacan at the stairway (2) are the Arms of Spain. A second bridge (3), originally a *drawbridge*, leads from the barbacan across the wide moat to the *sally-port* (4), which is the only entrance to the fort. This was provided with a heavy door called the *portcullis*. On the outer wall, above the sally-port is the *escutcheon*, bearing the Arms of Spain; and the Spanish *legend*, which read:

REYNANDO EN ESPAÑA EL SEN^R
DON FERNANDO SEXTO Y SIENDO
GOVOR Y CAP^N DE ESA CD SAN AUGN DE
LA FLORIDA E SUS PROVA EL MARESCAL
DE CAMPO DN ALONZO FERNDO HEREDA
ASI CONCLUIO ESTE CASTILLO EL AN
OD 1756 DIRI^CENDO LAS OBRAS EL
CAP INGN^{RO} DN PEDRO DE BROZAS
Y GARAY

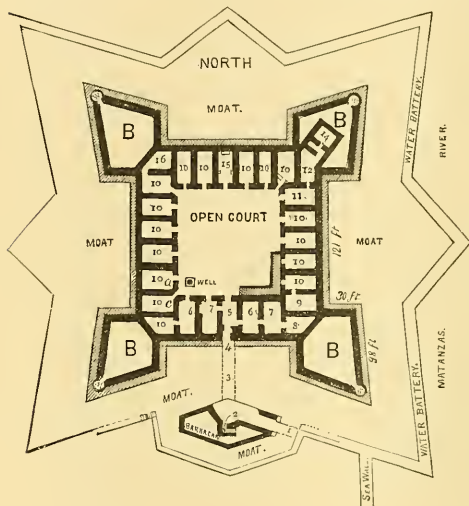
Translation: "Don Ferdinand VI., being King of Spain, and the Field Marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Hereda being Governor and Captain-General of this place, San Augustin of Florida, and its province, this fort was finished in the year 1756. The works were directed by the Captain-Engineer, Don Pedro de Brozas of Garay."

The inscription has been almost obliterated by the elements. Its present condition is admirably shown in the illustration on the opposite page.

At the second drawbridge we come face to face with the main entrance, surmounted by a tablet bearing an inscription and the Spanish Coat of Arms. 'It seems to be two dragons, two houses for the dragons, and a supply of mutton hung up below,' said Sara irreverently making game of the royal insignia of Spain.—*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

Within the fort on the right of the entrance hall (5) is the old bake room (6), and beyond this are two dark chambers (7 and 8), which were probably used for storage. On the left is the *guards' room* (7 left). The hall opens upon a large square *court*

(103 by 109 feet). Around this court are *casemates* (10), or rooms which were used for barracks, messrooms, store-rooms, etc. Some of these casemates were divided into lower and upper apartments. To each casemate on the west side a beam of light is admitted through a narrow window or *embrasure*, high up near the arched ceiling. From the first east casemate a door leads back into an interior dark room (9). From the furthest casemate (11) on the same side an entrance leads back into a dark chamber (12), off from which a narrow passage leads through a wall 5 feet deep into a space 6 feet wide; and from this a low aperture 2 feet square gives access through another wall 5 feet deep, into an innermost vault or chamber (14), which is 19½ feet long, 13⅔ feet broad, and 8 feet high. The arched roof

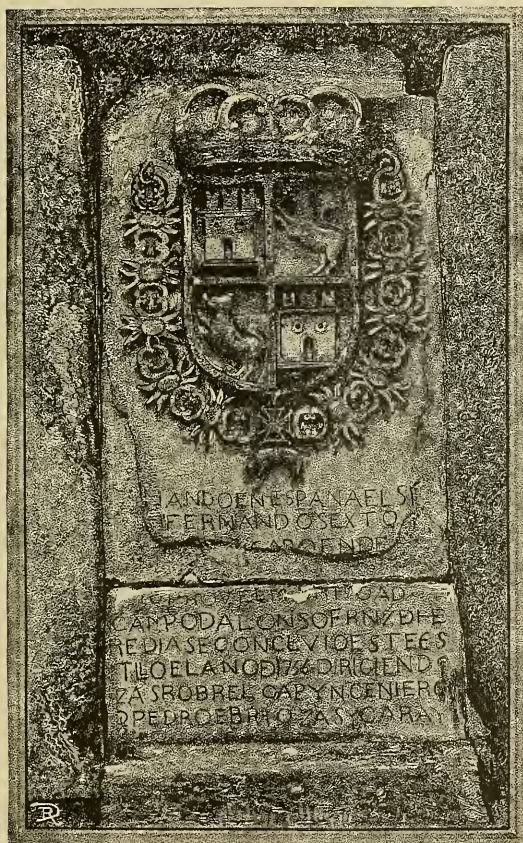


PLAN OF FORT MARION.

From *Old St. Augustine.*

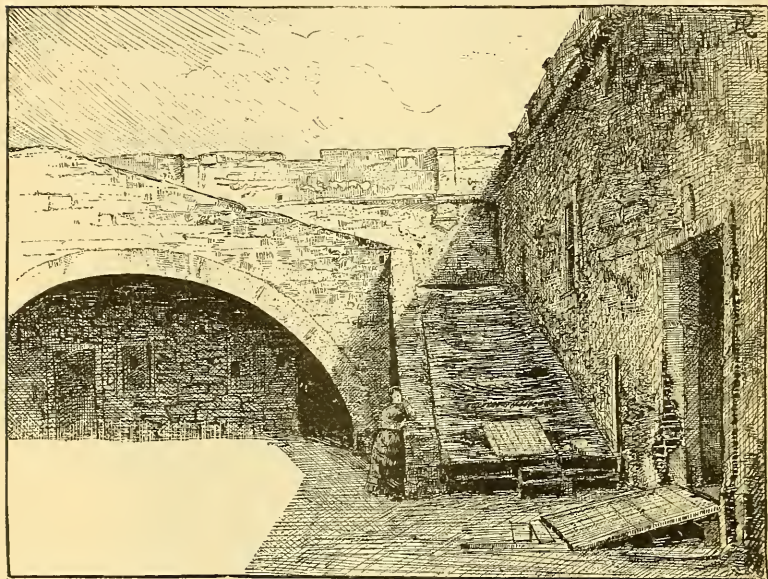
1, bridge from barbican to glacis. 2, stairway to barbican. 3, bridge over moat. 4, sally-port. 5, hall. 6, bake room. 7, 8, dark rooms. 7 (left) guards' room. 9, interior dark room. 10, 10, casemates. 11, casemate. 12, interior dark room. 14, bomb proof. 15, chapel. 16, dark room. 10a, treasurer's room. 10c, casemate from which Coacoochee escaped. B, bastion. W, water-tower.

is of solid masonry. There is no other outlet than the single aperture. This is the far famed "*dungeon*" of Fort Marion. It was designed for a powder magazine or a bomb-proof. When the fort was in repair the chamber was dry and fit for use as a safe deposit for explosives; but when the water from above percolated through the coquina, this bomb-proof or powder magazine became damp and unwholesome. For this reason it was no longer used except as a place to throw rubbish into. Then it bred



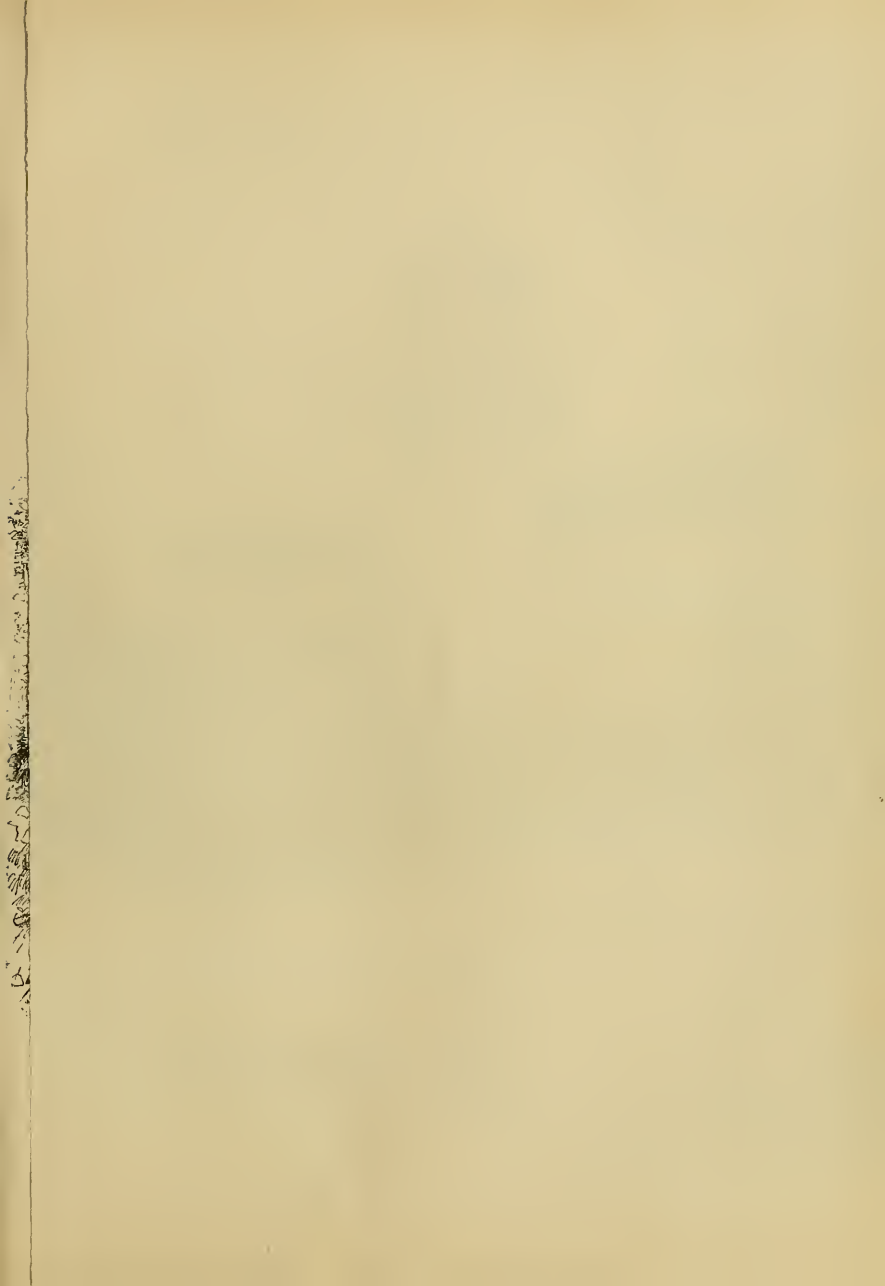
FORT MARION—SPANISH COAT OF ARMS.

fevers; and finally, as a sanitary measure, the Spaniards walled it up, and the middle room (12) as well. They did this in the readiest way by closing the entrance with coquina masonry. When the United States came into possession of the fort the officers stationed here did not suspect the existence of these disused chambers, although among the residents of the town were men who had knowledge of them, and of their prosaic use as a deposit for rubbish. One of these residents is still living (1888), and has related to the writer his recollection of the disused powder magazine, as he was familiar with it when he was a boy employed at the fort. In 1839 the



FORT MARION—INCLINED PLANE.

masonry above the middle chamber caved in, and while the engineers were making repairs, the closed entrance to the innermost chamber was noticed, and investigation led to its discovery. Refuse and rubbish were found there. The report was given out—whether at the time or later—that in this rubbish were some bones. From this insignificant beginning the myth-makers evolved first the tale that the bones were human; then they added a rusty chain and a staple in the wall—a gold ring on one skeleton's finger—instruments of torture—iron cages—a pair of boots—and a Spanish Inquisition tale of horror. Writers from St. Augustine have rung the changes on it:





In one of them [the two chambers] a wooden machine was found, which some supposed might have been a rack, and in the other a quantity of human bones.—*William Cullen Bryant* (1842).

A human skeleton, with the fragments of a pair of boots and an empty mug for water, it is alleged were discovered within. * * * As to the name, character, standing, guilt or innocence, pleasures or pain, of the poor unfortunate to whom the boots and bones belonged, there is silence.—*Rev. R. A. Sewall* (1848).

There was found in one corner of it a human skeleton, the soles of a pair of shoes, and an earthen jug and cup. Not a single other object did its naked, shiny, arched walls cover.—*Chas. Lanman* (1854).

Legends connected with the dark chambers and prison vaults, the chains, the instruments of torture, the skeletons walled in, its closed and hidden recesses.—*Geo. A. Fairbanks* (1858).

The dungeon which was discovered in eighteen something, where the rock fell in and revealed the skeletons of human creatures hung to the walls in iron cages, starved in sight of food and water, barred from the breath of heaven by solid masonry.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* (1876).

Chill, black, and dismal as the grave, is this partly underground dungeon, where in 1835 two skeletons were found chained to the wall—victims, no doubt, to some cruel Spanish inquisition.—*Lady Duffus Hardy* (1880).

Near the entrance were the remains of a fire, the ashes and bits of pine wood burned off toward the center of the pile, in which they had been consumed. Upon the side of the cell was a rusty staple, with about three links of chain attached thereto. Near the wall, on the west side of the cell, were a few bones. Finding these very rotten, and crumbling to pieces under his touch, the engineer spread his handkerchief upon the floor and brushed very gently the few fragments of bone into it. These were shown to the surgeon then stationed at the post, who said they might be human bones, but were so badly crumbled and decayed, he could not determine definitely. Nothing else was found in the cell.—*W. H. Dewhurst* (1881).

This tale of the bones in the dungeon was formerly received with the eager credence that the early explorers gave to the rumors of gold mines in Florida; but in later years, although the makers of sensational guide books cling tenaciously to the dungeon relics, skeptics have arisen, who deny the truth of the story. They probably are right. It is of no moment. The fault lies not in the story of St. Augustine's three centuries, but in its telling, if the chapters of this book have not shown that the romance investing Fort Marion does not center about the alleged discovery of human bones in its walled-up chambers, and needs not to be groped for with a torch in subterranean passages. The incident even if true might well be spared. Who thinks otherwise, has strangely misread the history of the changing fortunes which transformed the Indian council house into the fort of logs, and have converted Spain's proudly equipped fortress into this massive pile of crumbling masonry.

Recall the days when San Juan de Pinos was the defense of the half-starved Spanish garrison; and when of those huddled within the stockades, one and other braver than the rest, ventured out beyond the lines for fish or game, and falling before the blow of the lurking savage, came never again. Remember those long years of misery, when Indian slave, English prisoner and Spanish convict labored beneath the lash of the driver, and with burdensome toil and suffering unspeakable builded their very lives into these coquina bastions. Replace the heavy iron gratings of casemate and cell; send home the clanging bolt and bar; listen to the piteous pleading of husband for imprisoned wife and of wife for imprisoned husband, and hear the shutting to of doors upon manacled wretches, who from the gloom of that inner darkness shall never emerge to look upon the sun. Light again in the dim chapel the ever-burning lamp before the tabernacle; restore to the niches their images, its cloth to the altar, the water to the font; and bring back the pageantry of ceremonial rites, chant of mass and murmur of confessional. Remember those momentous days, when Castle San Marco—standing here for the very maintenance of Spain in North America—bore the brunt of well concerted assault. Build anew the shattered defenses; flood the moat; raise the draw-bridge; let fall the portcullis; mount the guard; fling bravely out from the rampart the banner of Castile; and let the artillery belch angry defiance of the hosts under the Red Cross. Hear the sharp word of command, the tread of battalions, the rattle of volley and the

screech of cannon ball. Look out, with the famishing women and children, over the bay and beyond the camps of the besiegers on Anastatia, and scan the sea in vain for the coming of a friendly fleet; after the weeks of famine, hear at last, in the night, the shouts of rescuers, and then, the lessening drum beat of the departing British. Or, since you are an American, recall again those later years, when the soldiers of George the Third guarded Fort St. Marks and imprisoned Patriots languished in its cells; and keeping weary vigil with the white-haired Gadsden, let your patriotism kindle and in the damp-walled dungeon take on a brighter glow. So review all the stirring chronicle—

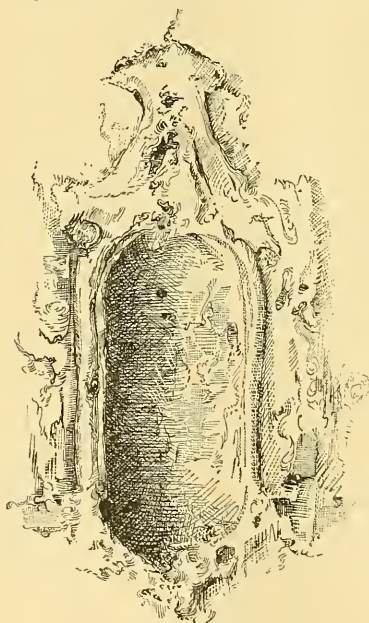
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransomed, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight—

and then may be known something of that story—which in truth is worthy to be known—of Fort Marion in St. Augustine.—“*Old St. Augustine*,” *Fort Marion*.

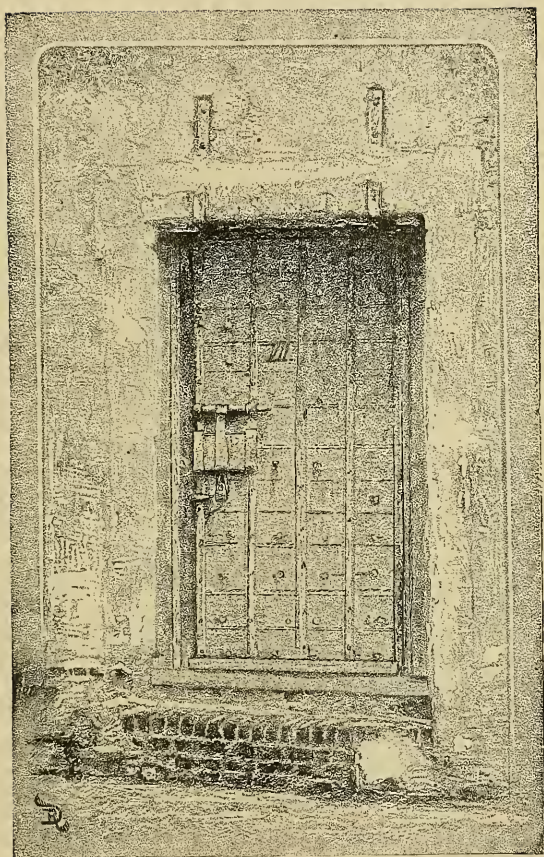
But however commonplace and practical may have been the real purpose and use of these underground chambers in old times, they are certainly uncanny and mysterious enough now, and when one follows the guide's torch from the dark rooms, through the “dungeon crawl,” into the last gloomy pent recess, some weird tale of

hapless victims entombed alive harmonizes with the flickering torch, the damp earthy odor, and the dimly seen smoke-begrimed encompassing walls.

Facing the court on the north was the chapel (15). Its walls and ceiling and altar and niches are bright with mould and moss and lichen; strange mutations have come to town and fort since the room was dismantled of its ornaments. The chapel was used for religious services as late as the civil war. In 1875 it was converted into a school-room for the Western Indians who were confined here. The elaborate portico of the chapel was the most pretentious bit of architecture of the fort; but has so crumbled away that its form can no longer be traced. In the wall outside, above the chapel door, the French astronomers, who came here in 1879 to observe the transit of Venus, have left a marble tablet in commemoration of the visit. The inscription reads: “*Plaque commemorative du passage de Venus observé au Fort Marion le 9 Décembre, 1882, par MM. le Colonel Perrier, le Commandant Bassat, le Capitaine Defoges, de l'Armée Française.*”

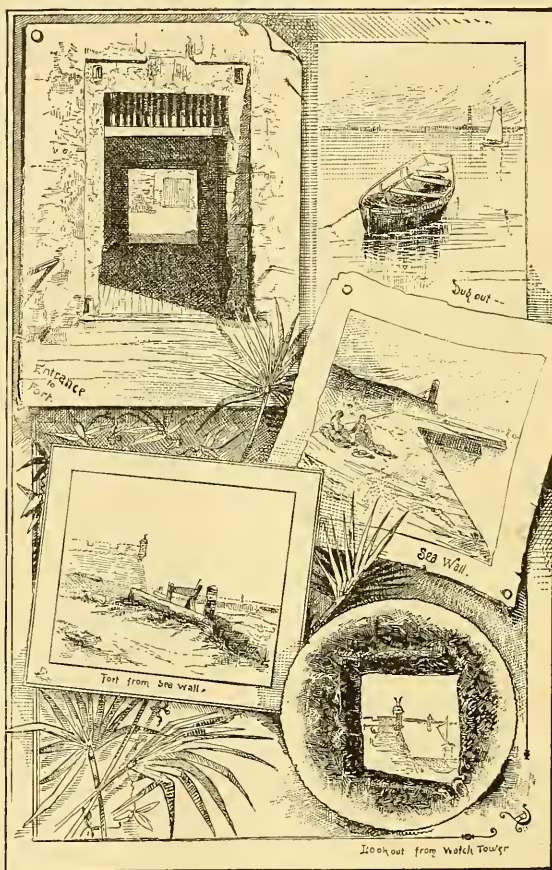


NICHE IN CHAPEL.



FORT MARION—A CASEMATE DOOR.

In the northwest bastion is another dark room (16). Some of these dark dungeons of the fort have been used at different times for the confinement of



SALLY-PORT AND WATCH TOWER.

prisoners. Patriots from Charleston were confined here by the British in the Revolution; the Spaniards kept the famous outlaw McGirth in one of these cells five years; and there are old people in St. Augustine to-day who will tell of pallid convicts led

from the fort dungeons to execution. At the close of the last war refractory soldiers were punished by solitary confinement in these cells. Casemate 10c is known as "Coacoochee's cell;" and is famous as the one from which that chief escaped. Coacoochee and Osceola, two of the most influential chiefs of the Seminoles, in the war which began in 1835, were captured, with a number of their followers, and imprisoned in the casemates at Fort Marion, whence they were to be taken to Fort Moultrie in Charleston harbor. Coacoochee resolved upon escape. His subsequent account of the affair was as follows:



OSCEOLA.

We had been growing sickly from day to day, and so resolved to make our escape, or die in the attempt. We were in a room, eighteen or twenty feet square. All the light admitted was through a hole (embrasure), about eighteen feet from the floor. Through this we must effect our escape, or remain and die with sickness. A sentinel was constantly posted at the door. As we looked at it from our beds, we thought it small, but believed that, could we get our heads through we should have no further

nor serious difficulty. To reach the hole was the first object. In order to effect this, we from time to time cut up the forage-bags allowed us to sleep on, and made them into ropes. The hole I could not reach when upon the shoulder of my companion; but while standing upon his shoulder, I worked a knife into a crevice of the stonework, as far up as I could reach, and upon this I raised myself to the aperture, when I found that, with some reduction of person, I could get through. In order to reduce ourselves as much as possible, we took medicine five days. Under the pretext of being very sick, we were permitted to obtain the roots we required. For some weeks we watched the moon, in order that the night of our attempt it should be as dark as possible. At the proper time we commenced the medicine, calculating upon the entire disappearance of the moon. The keeper of this prison, on the night determined upon to make the effort, annoyed us by frequently coming into the room, and talking and singing. At first we thought of tying him and putting his head in a bag; so that, should he call for assistance, he could not be heard. We first, however, tried the experiment of pretending to be asleep, and when he returned to pay no regard to him. This accomplished our object. He came in, and went immediately out; and we could hear him snore in the immediate vicinity of the door. I then took the rope, which we had secreted under our bed, and mounting upon the shoulder of my comrade, raised myself by the knife worked into the crevices of the stone, and succeeded in reaching the embrasure. Here I made fast the rope, that my friend might follow me. I then passed through the hole a sufficient length of it to reach the ground upon the outside (about twenty-five feet) in the ditch. I had calculated



COACOOCHIEE.

the distance when going for roots. With much difficulty I succeeded in getting my head through; for the sharp stones took the skin off my breast and back. Putting my head through first, I was obliged to go down head foremost, until my feet were through, fearing every moment the rope would break. At last, safely on the ground, I awaited with anxiety the arrival of my comrade. I had passed another rope through the hole, which, in the event of discovery, Talmus Hadjo was to pull, as a signal to me from the outside, that he was discovered, and could not come. As soon as I struck the ground, I took hold of the signal for intelligence from my friend. The night was very dark. Two men passed near me, talking earnestly, and I could see them distinctly. Soon I heard the struggle of my companion far above me. He had succeeded in getting his head through, but his body would come no farther. In the lowest tone of voice, I urged him to throw out his breath, and then try; soon after, he came tumbling down the whole distance. For a few moments I thought him dead. I dragged him to some water close by, which restored him; but his leg was so lame he was unable to walk. I took him upon my shoulder to a scrub, near the town. Daylight was just breaking, it was evident we must move rapidly. I caught a mule in the adjoining field, and making a bridle out of my sash, mounted my companion, and started for the St. John's River. The mule was used one day, but fearing the whites would track us, we felt more secure on foot in the hammock, though moving very slow. Thus we continued our journey five days, subsisting on roots and berries, when I joined my band, then assembled on the headwaters of the Tomoka River, near the Atlantic coast.

Coacoochee finally surrendered and was removed to Arkansas, where he took the leadership of his people. Osceola was removed to Fort Moultrie, Charleston, where shortly afterward he died.* Near the casemate through which Coacoochee made his escape a fig tree is growing from a crevice in the wall.

From the southeast corner of the court, to the right of the entrance hall, a stone ascent leads up to the platform (or *terreplein*) of the *ramparts*. This ascent, now a series of steps of recent construction, was originally an *inclined plane*, by which artillery was raised to the ramparts.

At the outer angle of each *bastion* (B) is a *sentry box* (W), that on the northwest (25 feet high) being also a *watch-tower* for looking to seaward. Distance from corner



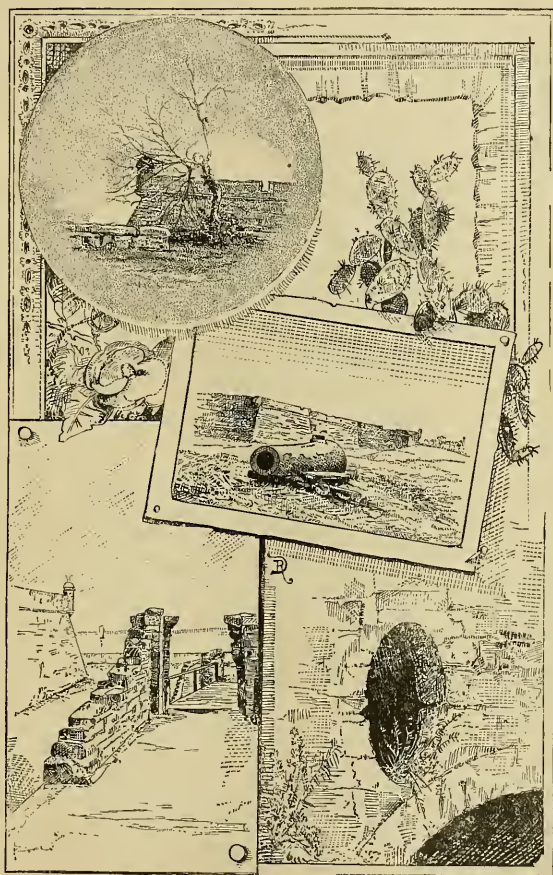
OUTLINE OF FORT MARION.

A, covered way. B, bastion. C, curtain. G, glacis. I, inclined plane. M, moat. T, watch-tower. W, water battery.

to corner, 317 feet. The four walls of the fort between the bastions are the *curtains*. There are four equal bastions and four equal curtains. The walls of the fort are 9 feet thick at base, $4\frac{1}{2}$ at top, and 25 feet high, above the present moat level. Battlements similar to those on the other sides formerly defended the east (water) side of the ramparts. The bastions are filled with earth, and there is no foundation

* Disputes over the boundaries of the Indian reservations and quarrels over fugitive slaves, which the Seminoles were accused of harboring, led to the Seminole War—the most costly and disastrous of the minor wars of the United States. At the end of seven years, in 1842, the Indians were subdued, captured and transported to the reservation assigned them, where the remnant of their tribe yet remains in the Indian Territory.

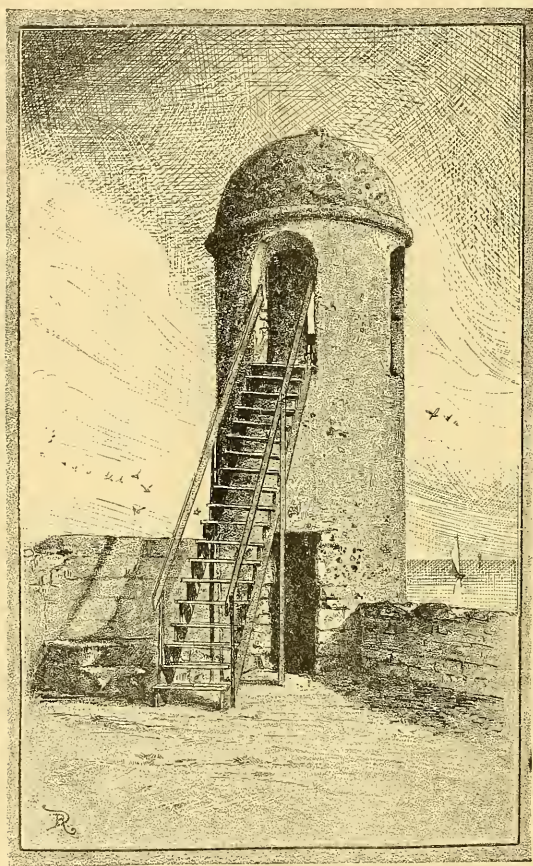
for the romantic tale of a subterranean passageway which formerly led from the southwest bastion to a neighboring convent. The fort is surrounded by a moat, 40



BASTIONS—BRIDGE TO BARBACAN—ANCIENT CHIMNEY.

feet wide. It was formerly deeper than at present, had a perfectly cemented concrete floor, and was flooded from the bay at high tide. Running along the outer edge of the

moat are narrow level spaces called *covered-ways*; and wider levels called *places-of-arms*, where artillery was mounted and the troops gathered, protected by the outer



NORTHEAST TOWER.

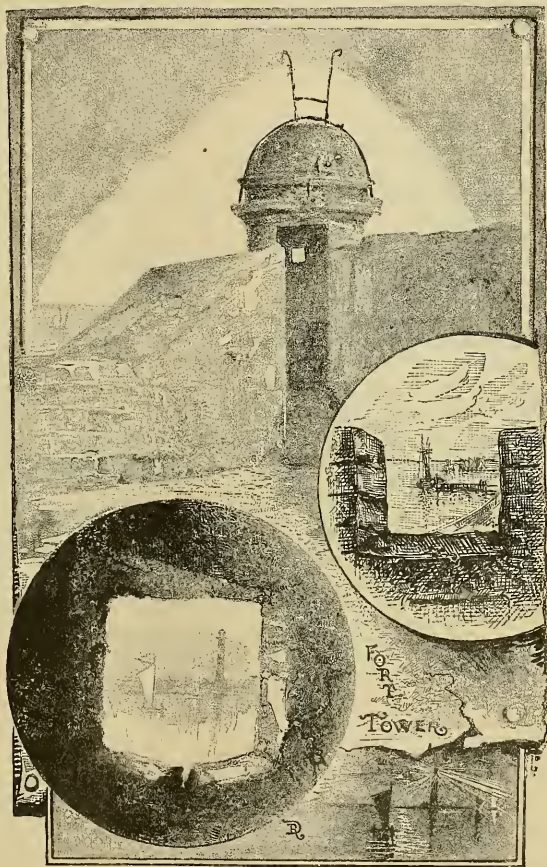
wall or *parapet*, from which slopes the *glacis*. The fortification of stone (*water battery*) in front is of modern construction, having been built by the United States in 1842; and the small brick building (*hot shot furnace*) in the moat between the east curtain and the water battery dates from 1844. In different forms and bearing different names, St. Augustine's fort has been established more than three centuries; for two hundred years the fort was St. Augustine, and St. Augustine was Florida. First a rude and temporary fortification of logs, it expanded in plan and magnitude until developed into the great stone fortress of 1756. Menendez, the founder of St. Augustine, in 1565, utilized the Indian council-house as a

defense against the threatened attack by the Huguenots from Fort Caroline on the St. John's River. After his heartless massacre of the French at Matanzas Inlet, the

Spaniard stood in just fear of a hostile fleet from France; and he set about building a regular fort of logs. This was the San Juan de Pinos, taken by Francis Drake.

When the Spaniards discovered the coquina quarries on Anastasia Island, they undertook the construction of a fort of stone. In those days the progress of such a work was slow; and when the Boucaniers came to St. Augustine in 1665, the fort, although well under way, was not in a condition to offer resistance. Convicts from Spain and Mexico, with Indians and slaves, toiled at the walls; and when Jonathan Dickinson, the shipwrecked Quaker from Philadelphia, came to St. Augustine in 1695, he found the walls 30 feet high. This was the Fort San Marco, which Moore, the British Governor of Carolina, fruitlessly besieged in 1702, and Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia cannonaded without effect for forty days in 1740. Fort

San Marco was one of a series of fortifications which defended St. Augustine; other forts were just north of the town, west on the St. John's, and south at Matanzas Inlet.



SOUTHEAST TOWER.

The walls are built of coquina, which in its day was considered a very excellent material for this purpose, since cannon balls would sink into the wall without shattering it as they would harder stone. On the sea front of the southwest bastion are a number of crevices, which, according to local tradition, were caused by British cannon balls from the opposite shore when the fort was besieged by Oglethorpe.

When the colony of Carolina was established the English grant extended so far south that it actually took in St. Augustine.



GENERAL MARION.

The Spaniards, on the other hand, disputed England's right to any part of the continent whatever, and for the half century succeeding, Spanish expeditions sailed against the English colonies, and British expeditions came against St. Augustine. Governor Moore of Carolina led his forces against the town in 1702, but was repulsed and driven back. When Oglethorpe brought out his Georgia colony, the Spaniards resented the new encroachments upon their territory, and the two colonies were at constant war. In 1740 Oglethorpe captured the Spanish forts on the St. John's, and then, while his land forces besieged the town on the north, his naval contingent landed on Anastasia Island, and for forty days bombarded Fort San Marco. The townspeople took refuge in the fort, where they nearly starved before the siege was finally

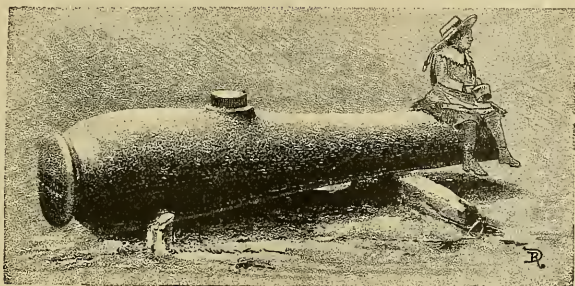
lifted. The Georgia general at length became discouraged and withdrew.

In those days of crude weapons, the coquina bastions were capable of withstanding a much more serious attack than that of Oglethorpe's batteries; but the art of war has changed since then and Fort Marion's coquina would quickly be shattered by the artillery of the present. Shortly after coming into the possession of the United States, the fort was named Fort Marion, in honor of the famous Revolutionary hero, General Francis Marion.

Writing from St. Augustine, William Cullen Bryant criticised this as "a foolish change of name." But why foolish? If Moultrie is thus honored, and Sumter the "Game Cock," why not Marion the "Swamp Fox?" Is it not the veriest romance of history that the Spanish fortress planted here by Menendez, the hunter of French Huguenots, should at last yield up its saintly name for that of a hero in whose veins flowed the blood of other Huguenot exiles? And is it not the final justice of time that the British stronghold, within whose dungeons rebellious Patriots were immured, should receive from the nation which those prisoners helped to establish, the honored name of one who endured with them the perils and privations of its cause, and won with them the final glorious triumph?—"Old St. Augustine," *Fort Marion*.

Fort Marion has been dismantled. A few antiquated and long-silent cannon are preserved as suggestions of the warlike character of the surroundings, and here and there the rusted throat of a half-buried gun breaks the surface of the moat; while on the northwest crest of the glacis reposes a great cannon, about which cattle peacefully browse and children innocently play.

I like to be alone upon the fort. Beautiful, dreadful, massive thing! I like to play with it as ignorantly as a baby with an encyclopedia. I am grieved when "the season" sets in, and the tourist who knows things stands in groups with his wife and daughters, discoursing of the bastion and the demi-lune, of the ramparts and the dungeons, of the exact inscription upon the old, old coat of arms above the door (though I don't think he called it the door); which seemed so pretty till I heard him talk about it. I don't want to be instructed about that fort. It spoils it all to know everything about it. It is enough for me to know that I was never in a fort before, and that this (unless it be the ruin at Matanzas) is the oldest in the country, and that from its summit I can see the magnificent line of breakers over the bar, which shelters St. Augustine so tenderly that she sits almost like an inland city, widowed alike from the traffic and the terror of the sea.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Atlantic Monthly.*



CANNON ON NORTHWEST GLACIS.

THE SEA-WALL.



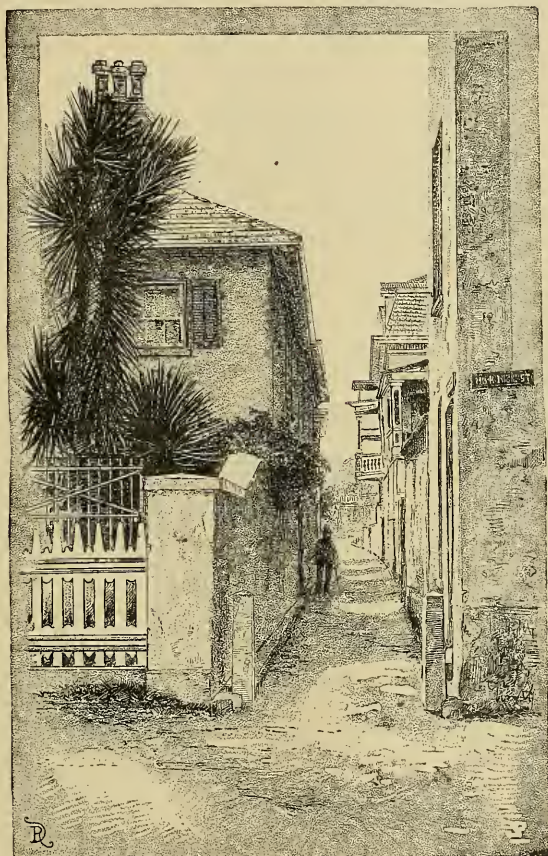
XTENDING from the water-battery of Fort Marion south along the water front of the town to the United States barracks, stands a sea-wall of coquina capped with New England granite. It affords a necessary protection against the encroachment of the sea. The site of St. Augustine is so low that under certain conditions of wind and tide the waves would inundate much of the town. In heavy east storms the water dashes over the top of the wall. The need of such a barrier against the sea was recognized at an early time. There is a touch of the humorous side of history in the spectacle of Spain, having chosen this bit of Florida soil for a town, building first a huge fort to defend it from invaders, and then a great wall to protect it from the inroads of the sea. The records tell us that the soldiers volunteered their labor and contributed part of their pay toward the construction of the first sea-wall. They were wise enough in their day and generation to understand that if the town were swept away their lazy occupation of garrisoning it would tumble into the sea along with it. The first wall extended only to the center of the town; a plan of the town at the time of the British occupation, given in *Old St. Augustine*, shows that the wall then terminated at the Plaza.

The present wall was built by the United States, in 1835-42, as a complement to the repairs of Fort Marion, at an expense of \$100,000. Length, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile; height, 10 feet; width of granite coping, 3 feet.

At different points stairways descend to the boat landings at water level; and near the Plaza and the Barracks are recesses or basins where boats unload their freight and find shelter from storms.

From the wall a charming prospect is afforded of the sail-dotted harbor, the shining sand dunes of the beach, the green stretch of Anastasia with the lighthouse rising against the eastern sky, and the quivering mirage north and south. The wall itself harmonizes admirably with the fort, and its sweeping curves add not a little to the beauty of St. Augustine's water front, although the effect has been marred by interposition of numerous wharves. Writers of the Sidney Lanier school have not failed to extol the sea-wall as a promenade for the moonlight strolls of lovers; there is also revealed at every low tide abundant ocular evidence that from time immemorial prosaic souls (possibly the same lovers grown old) have found "over the sea-wall" a convenient dumping ground for old bottles, tin cans and other household refuse.

Among the improvements which are projected for St. Augustine is the filling in of the sea-wall basin opposite the Plaza. If this shall be done, there will be pro-



TREASURY STREET FROM THE SEA-WALL.

vided an unobstructed driveway along the bay from Fort Marion to the Barracks. Treasury street, famed among the narrow streets of the town, opens upon the sea-wall, just north of the Plaza.

ST. FRANCIS BARRACKS.



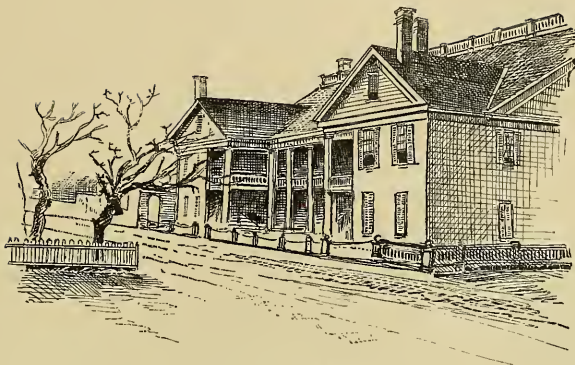
OMPLEMENTING the battlements and watch-towers of Fort Marion on the north, the St. Francis Barracks stand out conspicuously at the south end of the sea-wall facing the Matanzas. They are occupied by United States troops. The out-door concerts given by the military band, the dress-parades and the guard-mount at sunset on the parade in front of the barracks are among the attractions of St. Augustine.

Almost continuously since it was founded by the mailed soldiers of Menendez, St. Augustine has been a military station. Under Spanish rule it was little else than a garrison post. When the British came, they emulated the martial spirit of their predecessors, and on the plain south of the town, with bricks brought from the banks of the Hudson River, erected a huge barrack, which cost a tremendous sum, and shortly after completion went up in smoke.

St. Francis Barracks take their name from the Franciscan convent, whose former site they occupy. The convent was abandoned when Florida was ceded to Great Britain in 1763; and when Spain resumed possession of the town, in 1783, it was utilized by the Spanish Governor as barracks for his troops. The old building has been greatly modified by the United States Government, although not entirely rebuilt; and some of the original coquina walls of the convent remain.

To Florida with the adventurer had come the missionary; one to win treasure, the other to win souls. The gold-seeker returned from his quest chagrined; not so the Franciscan. He found here a field vast beyond reckoning; and, waiting to be gathered, a harvest more precious than had been pictured in the fondest dream of his pious enthusiasm. The military prestige of Florida soon faded away, but year by year its religious importance increased; and ever, with the expansion of his work, the Franciscan's zeal grew more intense and his labors more devoted. The country was in time erected into a religious province, with a chapter house of the Order of San Francisco at San Augustin; and thence the members went forth to plant the standard of their faith in the remotest wilderness. Far out on the border of savanna, in the depth of forest, and on the banks of river and lake, by the side of the Indian trails westward to the Gulf, north among the villages of Alachua, and south to everglade fastnesses; here and there, and everywhere that lost souls were worshipping strange gods, the Franciscan built his chapel, intrenched it round about with earthwork and palisade, and gathered the erring children of the forest to hear the wondrous story of the Cross.—“*Old St. Augustine*,” *The Franciscans*.

A short distance south of the Barracks is the Military Cemetery. An admission



ST. FRANCIS BARRACKS.

pass is required and may be had on application to the adjutant of the post, whose office is opposite the Barracks. In the cemetery are the three low pyramids of masonry forming the tombs of officers and men who lost their lives in the Seminole War. The memorial shaft is commonly spoken of as "Dade's Monument," because more than one hundred of the soldiers interred here were those who perished in the "Dade Massacre." This was one of the most tragic incidents of the Seminole War.

In August, 1835, Major Dade and a command of troops, 110 all told, were on their way from Fort Brooke to Fort King. At half past nine o'clock, Tuesday morning, August 28, they were marching through an open pine barren, four miles from the Great Wahoo Swamp. The bright sun was shining; flowers bloomed along the path; gay butterflies flitted about them; the silence was broken only by the Eolian melody of the pines. The men were marching carelessly, with no suspicion of danger, where surely no foe could lurk. Suddenly, without an instant's warning—from pine, from palmetto scrub,

from the very grass at their feet—burst upon them the shrill war-whoop, the flashing and crackling of rifles, and the whistling, deadly rain of bullets. Sixty of the troops fell mortally wounded. The rest rallied: trained the cannon, and attempted to form breastworks of logs; but in vain. In quick succession, one after another, they fell. Had the earth yawned to swallow them like the army of Korah, the obliteration could have been little more complete. Of the 110, three, miserably wounded, dragged themselves away, two soon after to die of their wounds. —"Old St. Augustine," *The Seminole*.



Florida War." "This monument has been erected in token of respectful and affectionate remembrance by their comrades of all grades, and is committed to the care and preservation of the garrison of St. Augustine."

The pyramids are stuccoed and devoid of ornamentation. The inscriptions read: "Sacred to the memory of the Officers and Soldiers killed in battle and died on service during the

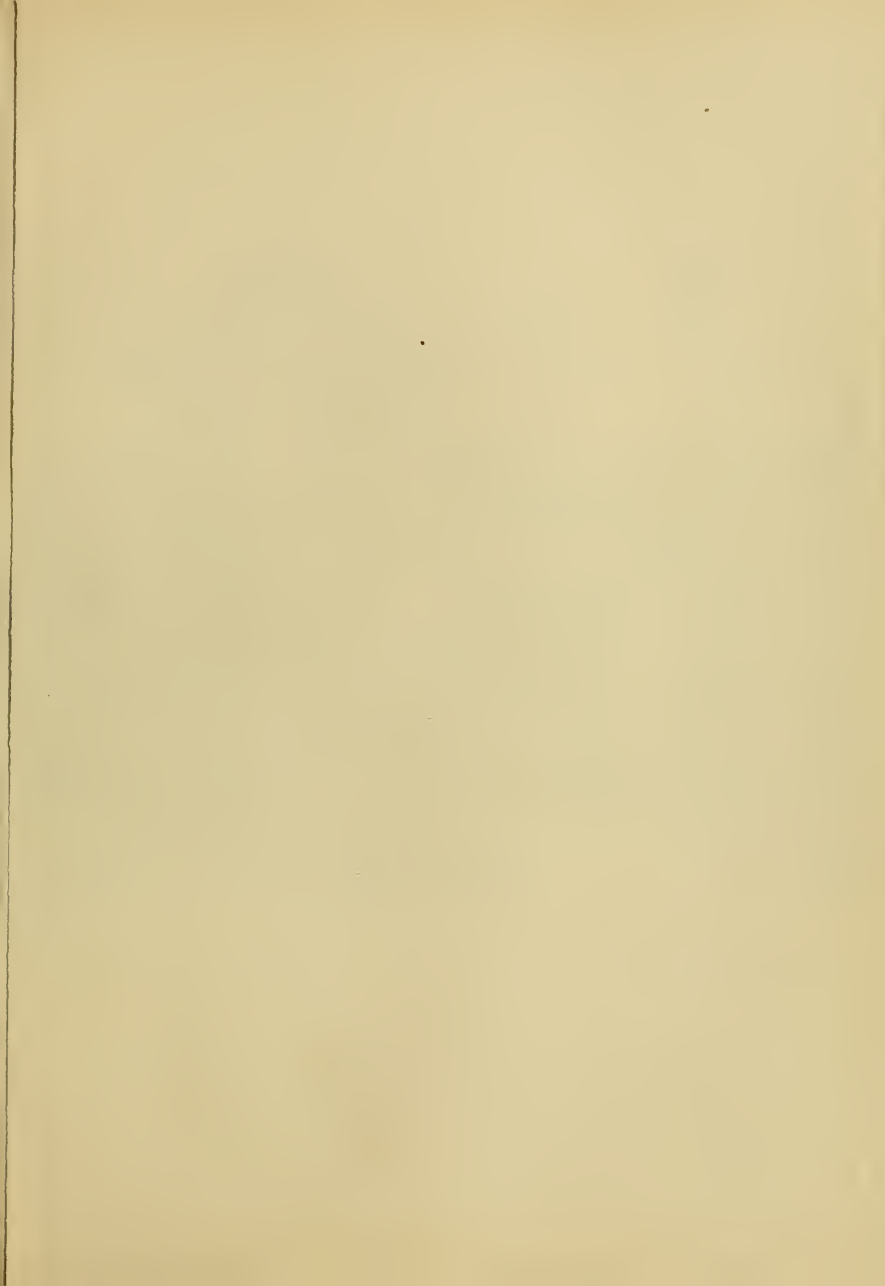
HARBOR AND BEACH.

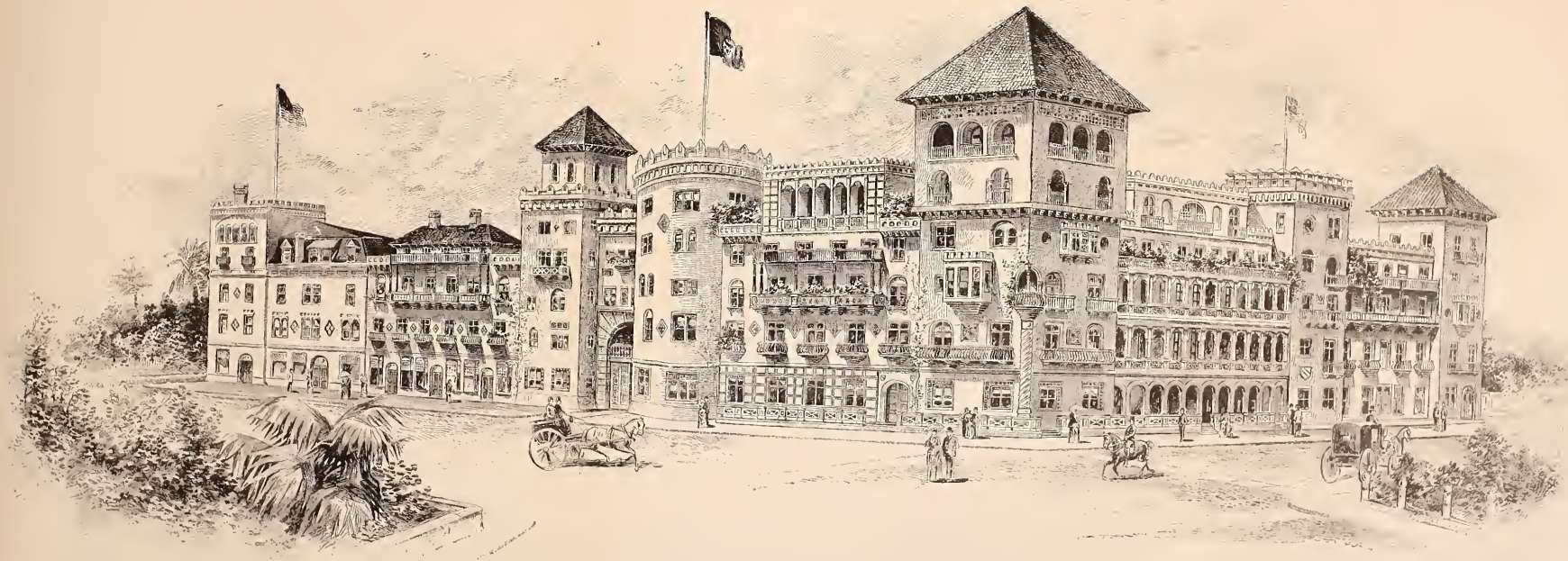


HELTERED by the spit of land called the North Beach, and by Anastasia Island, St. Augustine's harbor is a sheet of water admirably adapted for pleasure sailing and rowing. These are among the staple winter amusements. At the wharves will be found a large fleet of sail boats, which are safe and commodious; and they are manned by capable and trustworthy skippers, who display a high degree of skill in the handling of their boats. Most of the craft are of local production, and built on a model peculiar to the harbor. Usual rates of hire, 50 cents to \$1.00 per hour. In addition to these boats for charter, there are usually here in winter sail and steam yachts from the North; and the private craft range all the way from the Minorcan fisherman's dugout (a survival of the ancient Florida Indian's rude log boat) and the clumsy wood-scows to the light and speedy naphtha launches, now coming into such common use as yacht tenders, which dart about the bay with the swiftness of a bird, the grace of a canoe, and the importance and business air of a steam tug towing a Cunarder.

An afternoon afloat is likely to prove one of the most pleasant memories of a visit to St. Augustine. What with the changing landscape—a shifting panorama of water and land and sky—charming views of the town as seen from the bay, bright sails in the harbor, and multitudinous forms of marine life, there is always enough to interest and amuse. Fort Marion is well worth seeing from the water; the proportions of the fortification are hardly appreciated until one has approached it from the harbor which its artillery once defended.

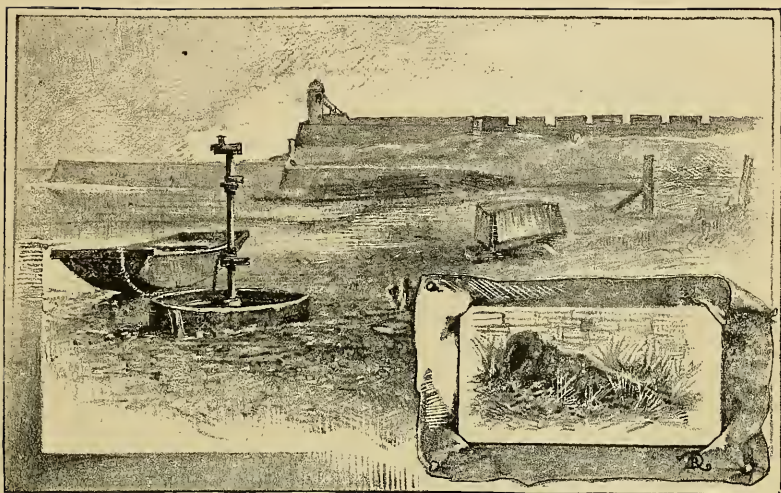
Extended excursions may be made to Matanzas; up the North River; and to Anastasia Island, Bird Island and the Beaches, called North and South with reference to the harbor entrance. North Beach is a term applied to the shores of both ocean and harbor and the long narrow spit of land formed by them. Along the shores extend irregular lines of sand dunes, which are ever shifting in the wind and changing their shape, like the northern snowdrifts they so closely resemble. From the bay or from the opposite shore the North Beach presents a scene of rare beauty, with its narrow strip of shining silver sand between the blue of the water and the deeper blue of the sky. Arrived at the shore, one finds half-buried wrecks and sea-wrack to dream over, shells to gather, innumerable forms of curious marine life to investigate, and the never ending, always new study of wave motion and color.





The Standard Graphic, St. Augustine.

HOTEL CORDOVA—ON THE ALAMEDA—ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA



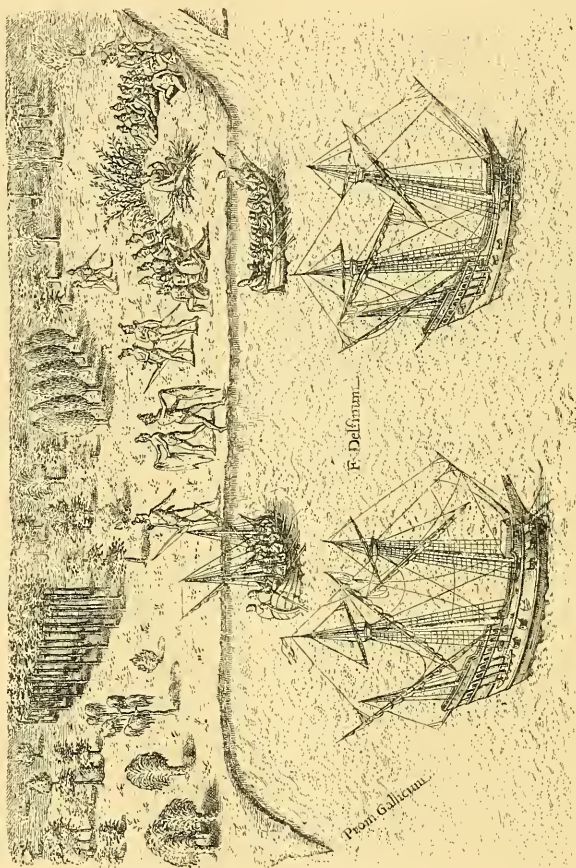
FORT MARION FROM THE NORTH.

Oh, what shells! Incredible that they should be selling for large prices by the quart, like candy in the Boston shops. They lie brilliant, vital, it seems sentient, beneath our touch, like flowers. We beach the Elizabeth upon the silver bar, and wander like children among them. At first I object to gathering them, as I do to rifling a garden; and to the last I find myself turning out of my way to avoid stepping upon the perfect and rich-tinted things; as if they had blood and could be hurt.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

At sunset the Florida seashore takes on a peculiar beauty. Surf and beach are transplendent with the soft shades and delicate tints of the sky; the atmosphere is aglow with color, and there comes to one the novel experience of not alone beholding the distant glories of the west, but of actually standing in and being surrounded by the effulgence of the dying day.

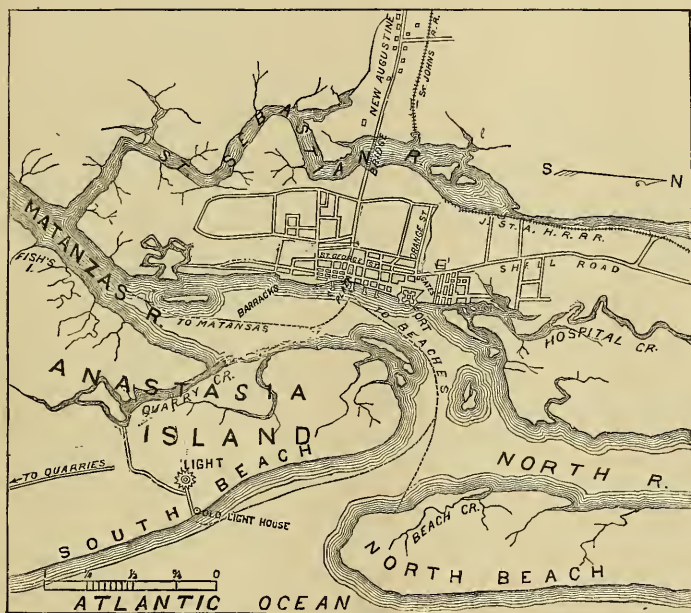
But the average St. Augustine skipper is not inclined to linger for sunset effects on the North Beach; the one practical consideration with him is that when the sun goes down the sea breeze will go down too, and his boat and party will be becalmed; experience has taught him the wisdom of an early return to town.

The porpoises which frequent the harbor in great numbers have always been a conspicuous feature of these waters. Away back in 1563, before the Spaniards had founded St. Augustine, the French explorers who came here found the porpoises (or dolphins) so numerous that they gave to the river the name *Rivière des Dauphines*,



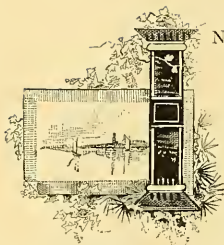
THE FRENCH AT THE RIVER OF DOLPHINS—1563.
From Old St. Augustine.

the River of Dolphins, and by this name it is set down on the old maps. Among the Florida pictures drawn by the French artist, Jacques Le Moyne, who accompanied that expedition, is one which represents the French ships here at the River of Dolphins. This drawing is one of the five De Bry plates reproduced in *Old St. Augustine*, from which volume we borrow the copy on the preceding page.



PLAN OF HARBOR AND BEACHES.

ST. ANASTASIA ISLAND.



N FRONT of the town, between bay and ocean, lies the Island of St. Anastasia. It is a favorite resort for excursion parties, and has many attractions for the tourist. The most pleasant time for a visit is the afternoon. The route is by ferryboat from Central Wharf and then by railway from the opposite shore across to the beach. The light-house is usually open to visitors; and when convenient to do so, the keeper, Mr. W. A. Harn, or assistant, will accompany parties to the tower, whence a magnificent and far-extending view is afforded over sea and land. The light-house is 150 feet in height from base to light tower, the lamp being 165 feet above sea level. Eight flights of spiral staircases lead to the tower. The light, technically classed as of the first-order, is a fixed white and revolving or flash light, flashing once every 3 minutes, visible 19 miles. The lamp itself is stationary, and the actual intensity of its flame does not change. The variability of the light is secured by the revolution of a glass lantern provided with a series of powerful lenses or gigantic bull's-eyes, each one sending out a great beam of light. The constant and steady beam from each lense revolves with the lantern. From St. Augustine at night this beam may distinctly be seen stretching out into the darkness, as it wheels in mighty revolutions about the tower.

The purpose of the variability of the light is to render it distinguishable from other lights on the coast. Thus, while the St. Augustine light is a fixed white light varied by a flash every 3 minutes, the St. John's River light, the next one north, is a fixed white light; and the Cape Canaveral light, the next one south, flashes every minute. The black and white spiral stripes, which make the tower look like a grotesque Brobdingnagian barber's pole, serve to distinguish it from others by daylight: the tower of the St. John's River light is red, that of the Cape Canaveral light has black and white horizontal bands.

The present light-house was built in 1872-3, to take the place of an older coquina structure, whose ruins may be seen on the shore a short distance northeast. The latter has commonly, though incorrectly, been called the "old Spanish light-house."

Its original purpose and use were not for a light-house, but a lookout or watch-tower, "where is always watch kept to see if any Ships are coming from Sea, and as many Ships as many Flaggs are hung out that ye Citty may know it." The history of the

old time lookout on Anastasia is intimately connected with the history of St. Augustine. It was one of a series of watch-towers and sentry-boxes established by the Spaniards along the coast, whence the watchmen signaled to the town the welcome coming of ships from Old Spain, or the dreaded approach of a hostile fleet. A token of weal or woe, in those days the signal flag on Anastasia Island was as eagerly watched by the Spaniards on shore as ever in these times the light is looked for by ships at sea. Away back in 1586, thirty years after the town was established, the rude wooden scaffolding which then stood here, attracted the notice of the English sea-king, Francis Drake, sailing along this coast with his fleet of high-pooed ships, on his way home from pillaging the cities of the Spanish Main; and he tarried long enough to ransack St. Augustine, and destroy by fire what he could not bear off.

After three days spent in watering our Ships, wee departed now the second time from this Cape of S. Anthony, the thirteenth of May, and proceeding about the Cape of Florida, wee never touched anywhere; but coasting alongst Florida and keeping the shore still in sight, the 28 of May, early in the morning, wee desiered on the shore a place built like a Beacon, which was indeede a scaffold upon foure long mastes raised on ende, for men to discover to the seaward, being in the latitude of thirthe degrees, or very neere thereunto. Our Pinnesses manned and coming to the shore wee marched up alongst the river side to see what place the enemie held there, for none amongst us had any knowledge thereof at all.—*Thomas Cates's Narrative of Drake's Expedition, "Old St. Augustine."*

On numerous subsequent occasions the town was thrown into consternation by the signal flag telling of an enemy's coming.

And so it came to pass that, one fine morning in the year 1665, the sentinel in the watch-tower opposite San Augustin, having desiered to the south a Boncanier sail, fired the alarm-gun and hoisted the signal flag. Hearing and seeing which, the distracted inhabitants took to their

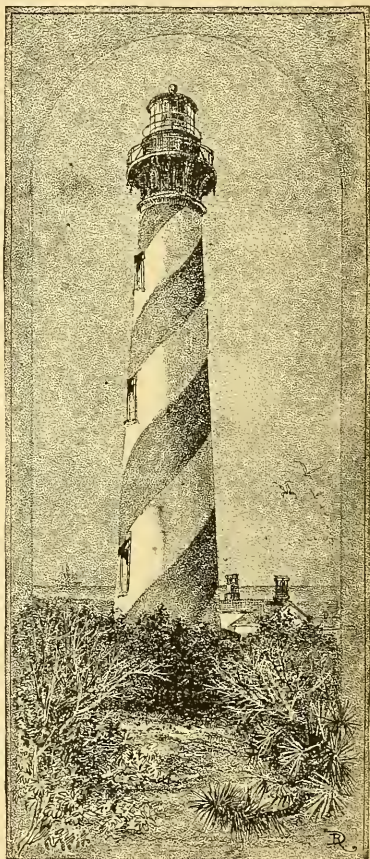


TOMB ON FISH'S ISLAND.
THE OLD LIGHT-HOUSE.
A BIT OF SHORE.

heels—the garrison after them; and all together fled into the interior.—“*Old St. Augustine, The Boucaniers.*”

In 1742 when the Georgia forces were led against St. Augustine by Oglethorpe, they captured the lookout—then built of coquina—and established their batteries on the Island here, on the western shore opposite the fort, and across on the North Beach. Shortly after Florida came into the possession of the United States, the Government remodeled and practically rebuilt the old Spanish lookout, and converted it into a light-house. Its situation was then at some distance back from the shore (at the beginning of this century the distance to the lookout from the beach had been a half-mile); but with the gradual encroachment of the waves the shore was eaten away, and the distance from light to beach grew less and less, until the impending fate of the building was so clearly foreseen that the new light-house was built, and the old one, no longer tenable, was deserted. The sea at length reached the coquina foundation ledge of the ancient tower, and one June night in 1880, in the height of a furious tempest, the walls swayed, tottered and fell with a crash into the sea. The coquina blocks of the tower and the keeper's house lie in a mass of ruins where they fell; and the site, above which in times past the welcome beacon flamed for ships off the Florida coast, is now submerged by the incoming tide.

We landed and walked to the light-house to wait until the rain was over. Here a Spaniard, whose name was Andro, with his family, the eldest of whom was a beautiful, modest, dark-eyed little muchacha (young girl), just budding into her fourteenth year, held his desolate abode, defying alike the tempests and the Indians in his fortified castle. Having spent an hour or two beneath the hospitable tower of



ST. AUGUSTINE LIGHT.

Signor Andro and made a delicious repast on dried fish, which garnished his hall from one end to the other, eked out with cheese and crackers, brandy, fruits, and a bottle or two of Frontignac, and, after exchanging soft words and glances for rosy blushes and magnolia flowers with the pretty Isabel, we left the light-house for a tour on the island to go drumming.—“*Sketch of Seminole War.*” (1836).

The sea shore of the Island is known as the South Beach. Opposite is North Beach; and to the right, seaward, are the great stretches of sand which form Bird

Island. This island is of recent formation; twenty years ago it was at low tide an insignificant tract of barren sand, much frequented by waterfowl, and at high tide almost covered by the sea. The St. Augustine bar is constantly shifting. Many vessels have been lost here; and the remnants of the wreck of some unfortunate craft may often be seen from the shore. Among the records of such disasters is that of a Spanish ship with its passengers, a company of Franciscans, who were “swallowed up by the sea in sight of the convent at St. Augustine” (*Old St. Augustine*, p. 67). Latrobe, who was here in 1833, records that one of the sand dunes of the beach was surmounted by a cross set up in memory of certain nuns who had met a similar fate here. An incident of less sombre hue is that which is related of Roy McIntosh, an officer of the British Army, who was active here in Revolutionary times. McIntosh



FRANCIS DRAKE.

was in command of a vessel which was bringing supplies to the British in St. Augustine. When crossing the bar the ship struck once, and again, when, apprehending that the pilot was a Patriot in disguise and intended to wreck the craft, the impetuous Scotchman drew his dirk, and, holding it aloft above the man at the helm, swore with a mighty oath that he would drive it to the hilt if the ship touched bottom again.

The coquina formation of Anastasia Island is well shown in the ledges at the ruins of the old light-house. The stratafication may be studied here, but is seen better at the quarries, southwest of the light-house (1½ m.). Coquina (Spanish, *coquina*, signifying a shellfish) is a conglomeration of shells and shell fragments of great variety of form, color and size. Ages ago these were washed up in enormous quantities by the waves, just as other masses of similar material are now left on the beach, where one may walk for miles through the loose fragments which, under favorable conditions, would in time form coquina stone. When these shell deposits were cut off from the sea by intervening sand bars, like Bird Island, they were in course of time partially dissolved by rain water, and firmly cemented together in a compact mass of shell-stone.

The coquina stone is soft, and very easily quarried. It is cut out in blocks to suit the needs of the builder. It hardens upon exposure to the atmosphere; and was



SHORE OF ST. ANASTASIA ISLAND.

once extensively used as a building material. The city gateway, the sea-wall and Fort Marion are of coquina.

From Old Spain and the Havannah the cartel-ships brought fresh bands of convicts, to join the captive Indians in their toil at the fortifications; year after year the chain-gangs hewed the blocks of coquina shell-stone from the quarries of St. Anastasia Island; the galley-slaves ferried their burdens over the Matanzas; and tier upon tier rose the curtains and bastions, and above them the ramparts and battlements, of Fort San Marco.—“*Old St. Augustine, British Cannon Balls.*”

At the southern extremity of St. Anastasia Island is the inlet of Matanzas, often visited because of its historical associations, its ruined Spanish fort and its fishing grounds. A hotel is maintained there. The inlet and adjacent waters are favorite resorts for fishing parties.

The trip to Matanzas is not without interest. As the boat leaves the barracks on the right, shortly beyond on the left bank of the river, a beautiful site is pointed out as Fish's Island, an estate which has been in the possession of one family for more than a hundred years. The original proprietor was Jesse Fish, who came here from Flatbush, N. Y., near the close of the first Spanish supremacy (*ante* 1763), lived here during the English occupation, and remained when the Spanish returned again. His tomb is still shown, surrounded by a bower of orange trees. “Fish's Island” is actually a part of Anastasia Island.

The evening proving squally, we were unable to recross the Matanza River, and took up our abode for the night in the ancient and venerable fabric erected by the old Fish, who was the original proprietor of the island, * * * and made improvements which have hardly been exceeded in any part of the Province. Here are the remains of perhaps the most celebrated orange grove in the world. Some trees still remain that are 30 feet in height and still retain a portion of their golden fruit. But all is now in ruins. Two generations have passed away. We were very politely entertained by two handsome young ladies, the grandchildren of the above mentioned Fish.—*William Baldwin* (1817).

Five miles below St. Augustine, on the right bank, is Moultrie. In British times this was the site of Lieut.-Gov. John Moultrie's plantation, Buena Vista. Moultrie was one of the planters who came here from South Carolina when Florida was ceded by Spain to Great Britain. At the time of the Revolutionary War he sided with the British, but his brother, William Moultrie, of Charleston, was equally active on the other side, and was one of the American prisoners brought to St. Augustine in 1780. A strange meeting it must have been, this of Patriot brother and Loyalist brother. When Florida was ceded to Spain once more, John Moultrie refused to live under the Spanish flag, but abandoned his beautiful plantation and left the province. Like other Florida plantations in those days, this was fortified. Later there was a regular work of defense called Fort Moultrie. One of the famous treaties made by the United States with the Seminole Indians was signed here in 1823; and the Government's alleged violations of the Fort Moultrie agreement was one of the prime causes of dissatisfaction that led to the disastrous Seminole War.

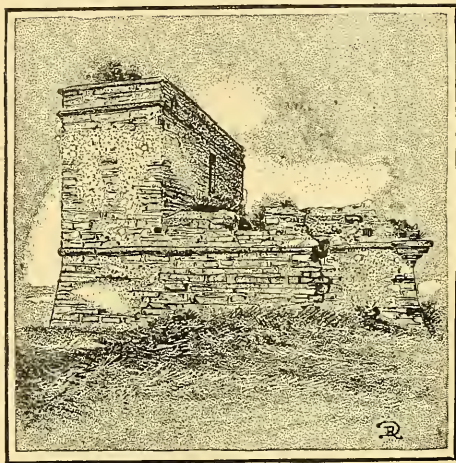
The remains of the Spanish fort are seen on the right bank as the boat approaches Matanzas. Its ruins are among the most picturesque in Florida. In the early morning and at sunset the fort and its surroundings present a scene of beauty well worth the journey to behold. The fort is of coquina, and was built to defend St. Augustine from the approach of an enemy by way of Matanzas Inlet. It was among the Spanish fortifications enumerated by Oglethorpe when he wrote to the King of England for instructions to proceed against and destroy St. Augustine. During the second Spanish supremacy, Matanzas fort was occupied by a garrison of negro troops.

On the morning of the 6th, we decamped from St. Augustine, and, embarking in a snug canoe boat, ascended Matanza River south, between Fish's Island and the Main. At a few miles distance, on the western shore, we passed an elevated spot which once contained the habitation of Governor Moultrie. A small cabin and a few date trees are all that appear to mark the place where the hand of high cultivation and improvement once extended. At the southern extremity of Fish's Island, and near Matanza bar, stands a Spanish tower, where a corporal's guard is stationed to look at folks as they pass by.—*William Baldwin* (1817).

The inlet of Matanzas takes its name from the Spanish word *matanza*, signifying slaughter, in commemoration of the massacre of the Huguenots which occurred here

in 1565. No event in American history possesses more of tragedy and pathos than the martyrdom of those Frenchmen, who had left their homes in France to establish in the new world a refuge from the religious persecutions of their native land, but found in Florida the intolerance from which they had fled, and perished at last by the hand of a bigot.

The French, stationed at their Fort Caroline, on the River May (St. John's), having left a few of their number to garrison the fort, set sail against the Spaniards, arrived off the bar of St. Augustine, and were driven to the south by



RUINS OF THE MATANZAS FORT.

a storm. The Spanish leader Menendez then led a force overland to the St. John's, surprised Fort Caroline and killed most of the garrison—a few of the French escaping to their ships. Upon his return to St. Augustine Menendez learned that the French fleet had been wrecked. He proceeded south to this inlet, discovered the shipwrecked Frenchmen on the other side, and by false promises induced them to surrender and deliver up their arms. Then he sent them boats, brought them over, in small bands at a time, bound them, blindfolded them, led them behind the sand hills, and in the name of religion put them to death. The shores of the inlet have been greatly modified by the action of the sea in the three hundred years which have elapsed since that occurrence; it is useless to speculate as to the exact locality where the tragedy took place.

AS A HEALTH RESORT.

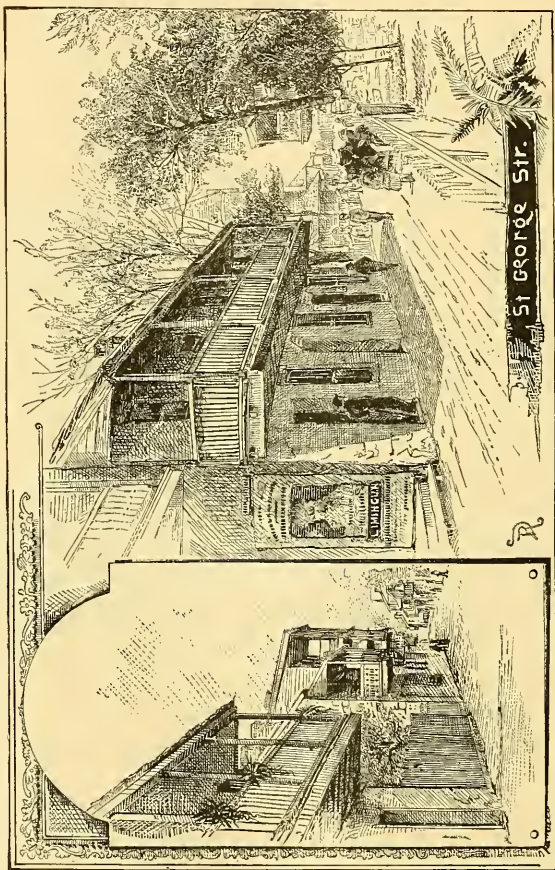
From a paper by DR. HORACE CARUTHERS, in the "Forest and Stream."



PRACTICAL experience of many winters enables me to say there is no place better adapted to health or pleasure than St. Augustine. It is easily reached by steamers or by elegant vestibule cars in little over one day from New York. The city is situated on a peninsula, almost surrounded by salt water; indeed it is, at very high tides, almost an island. The fact that the place is washed on all sides by

the ocean tides guarantees the sanitary condition to be as perfect as any natural locality can be; and it absolutely precludes the possibility of malaria—a case of which disease I have never met, originating in the city. In addition to its possessing these natural advantages, those in authority spare no efforts nor expense in adopting all artificial means known to sanitarians to add to the health of the favorable locality. The elements so essential to perfect health are abundant, in bright sunshine, pure bracing sea air and abundance of water, while the most cheerful and choicest society makes the ancient city the most desirable winter resort in this country.

I have known many men, women and children who have renewed their seriously damaged constitutions in Florida; and for those suffering from overwork, insomnia, nervous prostration and all its sad train of symptoms, I know of no more desirable place than St. Augustine. Children recovering from pneumonia, diphtheria, scarlet fever and whooping cough find a perfect climate for outdoor life and rapid convalescence, without the danger of relapse, so common in a variable Northern climate. For nearly forty years I have recommended the climate of Florida to my patients, and I am happy to say many of these still thank me for sending them away from this Northern climate, which is as trying as any known to the profession. Scarlet fever and measles are not dreaded by the parents and physicians of St. Augustine; and diphtheria is almost unknown. A few years ago I was asked to see a child recently arrived, supposed to be suffering from that dread disease. The physician long resident had never seen a case. The child was removed a few miles out of town, and but one other took the disease, a playmate of the first. An honored and lamented physician of St. Augustine, the late Dr. Peck, told me some years ago, when I was expressing anxiety about some cases of scarlet fever, not to be alarmed; that the disease never assumed a dangerous type in that climate, and that it very seldom resulted in death; it responded quickly to treatment, and was seldom followed by those dangerous sequels so dreaded in a Northern climate. He stated the remarkable fact that years earlier they were visited by an epidemic of scarlet fever, when he attended one hundred and twenty children, without losing more than a single patient; and this one death was owing to other complications. There is no other way of accounting for such a history of such a disease, except the perfect climate. Some winters ago I received a little patient from New York with chronic pneumonia follow-



ST. GEORGE STREET.

LOOKING TOWARD THE MAGNOLIA HOTEL.

LOOKING SOUTH FROM ST. HYPPOLITA STREET.

ing an unusually severe whooping cough; and in a very short time the little girl recovered completely, renewing the roses in her cheeks and her buoyant, childlike spirits. She returned with her mother, who was summoned to attend her husband suffering with pneumonia, in the month of March—much against my advice, but fortunately without serious consequences. Pneumonia is seldom seen in St. Augustine, and the resident physicians are almost unacquainted with the disease and have no desire to attend it. The absence and the mild form of the diseases mentioned can be accounted for on no other grounds than the salubrity of the climate.

If there is the slightest possibility of any one laboring with the first symptoms of consumption being benefited by climate it will be accomplished in Florida. A gentleman who was a martyr to asthma all his life, possessing a beautiful home near Philadelphia, told me he could find no comfort in life but in two localities, Newport in summer and St. Augustine in winter.

My own personal experience in the beneficial effects of the climate of St. Augustine makes me the more earnest in recommending it to all who may be suffering from overwork. After a laborious life of more than thirty years in the climate of New York, on the Hudson River, I broke down completely, and had insomnia to a fearful degree, bordering on insanity. Old professional friends advised me to visit Florida. When I arrived in the quaint old city one Christmas Eve I was nearly exhausted. I could not walk a mile, and only with great fatigue at all. Appetite was fitful, energy gone, and though I was longing for rest, yet I dreaded the experience of a night of sleeplessness. One who has never had the misery of such a state of health, can form no conception of such a deplorable condition. I began improving the first week, walking with less fatigue daily, and improved in appetite and spirits, and in six weeks I could tramp with dog and gun twenty miles. It was truly a renewal of life, instead of my life work being abandoned, I put on harness again and began to offer aid and encouragement to all who, like myself, had become discouraged.



THE FLORIDA HOUSE.

FLORAL CALENDAR.



BECAUSE of the pretty fable that the name Florida was given to a "Land of Flowers," and because the tropical features of the northern portion of the State have been grossly exaggerated, most persons who come to Florida in winter are apt to be disappointed when they find the floral display less profuse and brilliant than they anticipated.

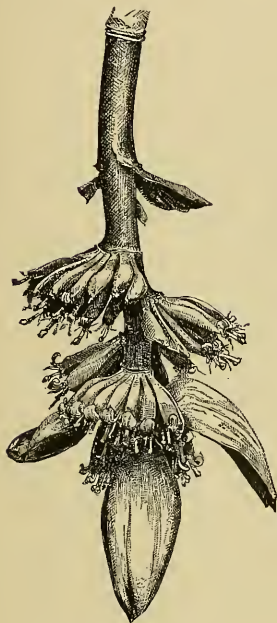
They forget that like the North, the South also has its seasons, which are marked in the same manner if in less degree. Spring is the time of bursting bud and blossoms; summer of luxuriant and maturing vegetation; autumn of the falling leaf; while in winter much of the Florida verdure is sere and brown, the deciduous trees are bare of leaves, and beneath the sombre drapings of tillandsia—as in the North beneath the sheet of snow—the earth rests and recuperates.

There is yet an abundance of foliage and color. Lemon, orange and lime, oleander, olive and magnolia, date palm, palmetto and bay are evergreen; rose gardens are in perennial bloom; and if one have an eye for wild flowers, their number and variety will be found surprisingly rich and varied, even in the winter months. Of the three hundred and seventy-five species to be collected within a radius of twenty-five miles, more than one hundred may be gathered in the winter season. The climate is hardly tropical enough for successful culture of the banana. The orange blossoms in the last of February or the first of March; the fruit ripens from November 15 to December 1, and will hang on the trees until the middle of the following May; there are thus at the same time on the orange tree, amid the glossy green of the foliage, white blossoms and ripe golden fruit.

Among the different roses, as noted in one rose garden on Cedar street, are the following: Constant bloomers and most hardy—Pink daily, Glorie de Rosamond, climbing daily and blush roses. Constant bloomers (except in frosty weather)—America, Arch Duke Charles, Aline Sisley, Baron Alexander de Vrints, Agrippina, Comtesse Riza du Parc, Cloth of Gold, Duchesse de Brabant, Bougere, Isabella Sprunt, La Princess Vera, James Sprunt, Lamarque, Lucullus, Mad. Lawrence, Mad. Camille, Malmaison, Rubens, Marechal Neil, Perle de Lyon, Reine Marie Henriette, Sofrano, Beau Carmine, Solfaterre, Cels Multiflora, Doctor Berthet, Laurette, Louis Richard, Estella Pradel, La Grandeur, La Sylphide, Cornelia Cook, La France, Queen of Lombardy, Catherine Mermet, Perle des Jardins, Mad. Cecile Bruner,

Triumph d'Angers, Mad. Joseph Schwartz, Letty Coles, Amazone, Duchesse of Orleans, Queen of France. Among other garden flowers the bignonia and opoponax are in constant bloom.

The following list, which is not intended to be complete, gives the flowering of only some of the more conspicuous of Florida flowers:



BLOSSOM OF THE BANANA.

WILD FLOWERS.

JANUARY.—Blue and white Violets, creeping *Houstonia*, late Asters and early yellow Jessamine.

FEBRUARY.—In wet pine barrens: *Utricularia*, Violets, daisy-like *Chaptalia* and *Pinguicula*. In low woods: Yellow Jessamine, Florida Hawthorn (*Crataegus glandulosa*), and Wild Plum.

MARCH.—In wet pine barrens: Huge Thistles (used for making pompons), *Pinguiculas*, *Andromedas*, Violets and Sundews; and the two orchids, *Calapogon* and *Pogonia*. Beside streams: *Azalea*, Dogwood and *Viburnum*. In dry barrens: Lupines, *Baptisia*, *Andromedas*, Huckleberries, late Yellow Jessamine and *Ascyrum* ("St. Peter's-Wort").

APRIL.—In wet barrens: *Sarracenia* ("Pitcher plant"), Sundew, Iris and *Pogonia*. In dry barrens: Milkweeds, *Polygalas*, *Vaccinium Arboreum* ("Sparkle berry"), Coral Plant or "Cherokee Bean" (*Erythrina*), and "Horse Nettle."

MAY.—Spanish Bayonet (*Yucca*), *Magnolia*, "Loblolly" or Sweet Bay *Magnolia*, Wild Calla, *Rhexia* ("Deer Grass"), and *Tillandsia*, or "Spanish Moss," (which is not a moss but an air-plant).

SUMMER.—Three kinds of Palmetto, Prickly Ash, Prickly Pear, "Spider Lilies," "Matrimony," Wild Rose, Wild Canna, *Coreopsis*, *Lobelias*, Passion Flower, six *Polygalas*, Lily, "Beach Grass" or "Sea Oats," etc.; among the orchids three *Gymnadenias*, four *Platantheras*, and an *Epidendrum*.

AUTUMN.—Four or five *Liatris*, several Golden Rods, *Baccharis*, Asters, *Sabbatias*, *Eupatorium*.

DECEMBER.—Asters, *Baccharis*, scarlet berries of the *Ilex cassine* ("Cassine," "Christmas-berry"), *Ilex opaca* or Holly and red and black berries of the Wild *Smilax*.

IN CULTIVATED GROUNDS.

FEBRUARY.—"Cherry-Laurel," wrongly called "Wild Olive," Orange, *Opoponax* and Cherokee Rose.

MARCH.—Vetch, Mexican Poppy or Argemone, *Amaryllis Atamasco*, Linaria, Sorrel, Cherokee Rose, *Opoponax* and Yellow *Pyrocephalus*.

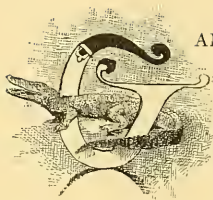
APRIL.—White and pink Oleanders, Pomegranate, Woodbine, Honeysuckle, Sweet Olive, Cherokee Rose.

SUMMER.—Century Plant and Date Trees, Crêpe Myrtle and Pride of India, Yellow Elder and *Parkinsonia*, wrongly called "Mexican Chapparal."

The Japan Plum (*Eryobotria japonica*) blossoms from October to December.

M. C. R.

GUN AND ROD.



AME and fish have always been among the attractions of St. Augustine; and, although the supply has been diminished of late years, there is still abundant reward for the pursuit. Sportsmen and anglers who visit the Rangeleys, the Adirondacks and the St. Lawrence in summer, repair to Florida in the winter. There are men, who when fish are to be caught in Florida waters would no more stay in the North than the robins and bluebirds. Dr. C. J. Kenworthy, of Jacksonville, himself an ardent angler, tells a good story of a New York physician who, some winters ago, when there was yellow fever in one of the Gulf Coast towns, deliberately set out to run the quarantine and make his way into the fever district because it was time for fish to rise to his fly.

Rod and reel, gun and field dogs are familiar objects in St. Augustine. Among the sporting dogs remembered by many quail hunters was the well known Bran. This dog was once, while hunting quail, struck by a rattlesnake. He was saved by the skillful treatment of Dr. H. Caruthers, but only to meet a fate as harsh, for Bran perished in the flames where he was chained in the great St. Augustine Hotel fire of 1887. The smoking room of the Ponce de Leon Hotel counts among its ornaments a magnificent set of antlers, which bear testimony to the luck of a Tarrytown, New York, physician, to whom is credited the unusual experience of having brought down his deer, on an Adirondack runway, with a shotgun, loaded with No. 4 shot for grouse. Florida deer are of smaller size than the northern deer, but they are built to go just as fast.

Yesterday morning (reports a Jacksonville paper) as the first train out from the ancient city on the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Halifax River Railway was passing the hammock known as Twelve-Mile Swamp, a fine buck leaped upon the track about a hundred yards ahead of the engine and started down the track. Engineer Peoples saw him and gave the salute. Then he opened the valves and the race began. He sent a man through the train to borrow a pistol with which to shoot the animal as soon as the engine should have come close enough for that purpose, but no pistol was found, and the engineer had to content himself with a dead run, and if the deer refused to clear the track to treat him like a cow and run him down. For several miles the race was an interesting one, the train going at the rate of twenty-five an hour and slowly gaining on his buckship. As the train approached Sampson, about twenty miles from this city, when it was within a few feet of the deer, he leaped from the track and made off into the dense forest.

No one ever thinks of setting out from St. Augustine on a deer hunt without the pilorage of the veteran James Ponce, a local hunter, who knows every foot of game ground within forty miles around. Ponce killed four bears in one day in July, 1888. The records of St. John's county for 1887 show that in that year bounties were paid on seventy wildcats and four bears—a formidable showing of "varmints" for the oldest settled county in the United States. Rabbits (hares) and squirrels are numerous. Anastasia Island was once noted for its supply of rabbits; and the old joke was current, of the man who failed to kill any rabbits because there were so many they confused his aim and he could not decide which one to shoot first.

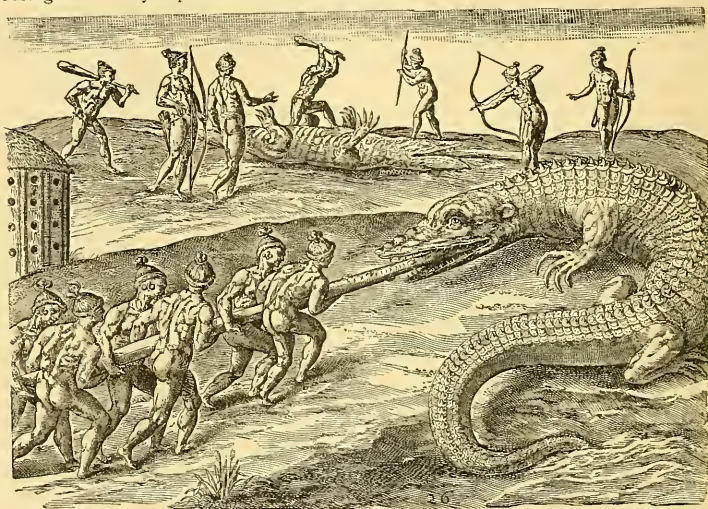
Quail are found in fair supply within short distances north, west and south; and wild turkeys are brought into town by the market hunters. The water and shore birds, ducks of many varieties, snipe, plover, curlew and others, have been practically exterminated by relentless shooting; and with them have gone the birds of plume. The feathered life, once a charming feature of St. Augustine, has almost disappeared. A few years ago great numbers of beautiful fowl frequented marsh, bay, beach and sand bar; but the monomaniacs, who conceive that all feathered creatures were made expressly as targets for bullet and shot, have pursued the birds with such scandalous industry that practical extermination is the result. Buzzards, carrion crows, ospreys and gulls remain, but even these are harried by the harbor gunners possessed by an indecent mania to kill something. The naturalist Audubon visited St. Augustine in 1831-32. Among the plates of his great work the portrait of the Caracara eagle was figured from a specimen which he discovered on the marshes north of the city in company with a flock of buzzards feeding on a carcass. After several futile endeavors to secure the much coveted prize, the chagrined ornithologist had to abandon the pursuit, but a native gunner was more successful. Audubon's plate of the greenshank sandpiper represents the bird standing on the glacis of Fort Marion, and the old fort, the bay and the town make up a charming picture. Because of their services as scavengers the buzzards are protected by a city ordinance; and another ordinance forbids all shooting on land or water within city limits.

The unlovely alligator is represented at St. Augustine chiefly in infantile stages of discouraged development in the curiosity shops, waiting to be done up in segar boxes and mailed to the north. Wilder and more ferocious specimens are occasionally encountered in adjacent waters. The alligator holds on with most commendable tenacity, despite the fact that every man's hand is against him, and always has been against him, if we are to credit Le Moyne, who came here with the French in 1563.

In the *Brevi Narratio* is given a drawing of the native Florida mode of hunting, and it is described as follows: They wage war on the crocodiles in this manner: By the bank of the river they build a little hut full of chinks and holes, in which is stationed a sentinel who can hear and see the crocodiles a great way off. Pressed by hunger they come up out of the water in search of prey, failing to find which they give forth a horrible roar that may be heard for half a mile. Then the sentinel calls the others who are ready; and ten or twelve of them, bearing a huge pole, hurry to intercept the gigantic monster (his jaws expanded to seize and swallow some one of them), and with great agility, holding the sharp end of the pole as high as possible, they plunge it into his maw, whence because of its roughness and the scaly bark he cannot eject it. Then turning the crocodile over on his back, they belabor his belly, which is softer, with clubs, and shoot arrows into it and open it; the back is impen-

ettable because of the hard scales, the more so if it be an old one. This is the Indians' way of hunting crocodiles, to whom they are such inveterate foes that night and day they are on the watch for them, not less than we for our most hostile enemies.

According to the artist's delineations of the mammoth specimens found here in those good old times, three hundred years ago, their descendants are certainly a sorry and degenerate race. But no one was ever heard to complain of the small proportions of an alligator he had killed; they are all huge and savage in the telling; it takes a very small saurian to make a big story; and men are living to-day who could give Le Moyne points on Florida alligators.



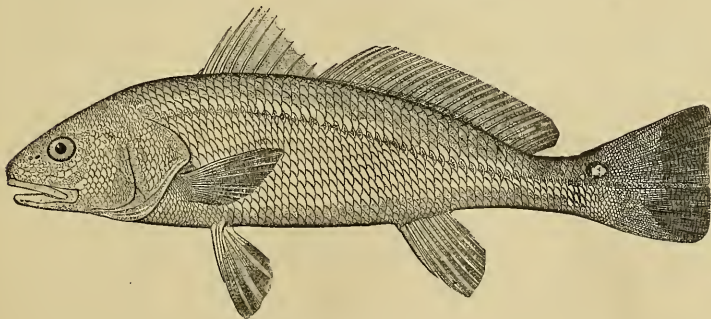
INDIAN MODE OF HUNTING ALLIGATORS IN FLORIDA.
From Le Moyne's Narrative of the French Expedition in 1563.

The list of fishes taken in the vicinity is a generous one. Sheepshead are caught off the St. Sebastian bridge, from the docks, and wherever there are submerged timbers or rocks. Favorite fishing grounds are at Matanzas. Baits used: clam, crab, fiddler, conch; the best time for fishing is from half-flood to high water. The whit- ing is baited for with clam, crab or pieces of mullet or other fish. Sea bass, or channel bass (also called redfish), are in great abundance in summer, and in fair supply in spring, when they are caught in the surf with rod or hand-line. The rods are employed chiefly by anglers from abroad. The local method is for the fisherman to wade out into the surf, having his line coiled to run freely from his left hand, then, swinging bait and sinker around his head, he hurls it out into the surf, and, when he hooks a fish, puts the line over his shoulder and runs at full speed up the beach, hauling his

fish high and dry after him. This mode may not partake of the high art of angling, but it is pursued with enthusiasm, and the worst that can be said about it is that to stand for hours up to one's hips in the ocean in March or April is conducive to rheumatism. The bait for bass is shrimp, crab or mullet. Salt-water trout are caught in great abundance in the Matanzas and its tributary waters north of town; and in the St. Sebastian from the bridge and the wharves. They take the fly; baits used are shrimps and mullet. Drum fishing grounds are at Moultrie, five miles below town, and at certain localities known to the market fisherman in the North River. The drum fish is distinguished as a fish that can be fished for longer without a bite than any other game fish that swims. A writer in the *Forest and Stream* says that in view of the success of humbler fishermen than themselves the anglers of Beaufort, S. C., have adopted the comforting aphorism that "no gentleman can catch a drum."

It was time for drumming, the magic hour between the fall of the ebb and the rise of the flood, for this delightful sport, whose praises and superior enchantments over all others in the Walton line I had so often heard spoken with such rapture by the mouth of a North Island and Beaufort man; the noble nature of the fish, his size and strength—the slow approach which he makes at first to the hook, like a crab, then the sudden overwhelming transport that comes over you when you feel him dashing boldly off with the line, threatening to drag you after him and upset your frail boat. How charming his resisting wait, comparable only to the intoxication and gentle rapture one experiences when pulling along a lass through a Virginia reel.—"*Sketch of Seminole War*" (1836).

Other varieties found here comprise blackfish, flounder, red snapper, black grouper, cavalli or crevallè, sailor's choice or hogfish, croaker, black grunt, skipjack or young bluefish, and jewfish which attain a weight of 200 and 300 lbs. The water vermin include sharks, catfish, garfish, angelfish, rays, or skates, toadfish and like horrible forms of creation. Some one or the other of them is sure to turn up on the end of a line cast for nobler fish; and the "patient angler" who manifests his patience in waiting for a bite is a very ordinary individual in comparison with the angelic being who can preserve his equanimity when a shark makes way with his tackle or his expectant gaze is greeted by the open countenance of a skate or a toadfish.



THE SEA BASS OR CHANNEL BASS.
From "*The Fishery Industries of the United States.*"

THE ST. AUGUSTINE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

TROPICAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE St. Augustine tennis tournament claims precedence as the first annual outdoor event of the tennis year. It is held under the summer sky of St. Augustine on the second Tuesday in each March, while the North is still buried in winter. The event is for the St. Augustine Club's "Championship Trophy" representing the Tropical Championship of the United States. This title has been lodged with the Secretary of the National Association (of which the St. Augustine Club is a member) and is officially acknowledged by him. The Trophy is a massive sterling silver model of the ancient city gates. With pedestal, it is about 20 in. high by 24 in. long, and is, perhaps, the handsomest tennis prize in the country. "Valuable enough for the National championship," says Mr. Ditson. It is a work of highest art, and a model of one of the country's most interesting historical monuments. It is winner's property after four victories, not necessarily consecutive. The All-comers' first prize is a silver pitcher of new and beautiful shape. It is winner's property after one victory. He then competes with the last year's champion for the Trophy.

The first formal tournament held at St. Augustine, in March, 1886, on the private court of the Moorish Villa Zoraida, was an impromptu affair; and was won easily by T. S. Beckwith, of Cleveland. A second tournament was held in March, 1887, entries including the Hon. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, Scotland; Holland of New York; Peters of Philadelphia; York of Cleveland; and Beckwith, who won. In 1888 the occasion took on a new importance. Entries included Garratt, Sellar and Block, of England; Lord Hope, brother of the Duke of Newcastle; L. Stewart, H. G. Trevor, C. Munn, Louis Webb, of New York; Burden, of Troy; Worthington and Beckwith, of Cleveland. Trevor, of New York, won both the Trophy and All-comers' cup, although Beckwith, who rose from his sick bed, gave him a good game. The latter was worthy of second prize, but was suddenly called North, and defaulted to Garratt of England, who easily won second prize. Webb was eligible, but through misunderstanding defaulted. Trevor and Webb won the doubles. A grand ball followed in the superb dining hall of the Ponce de Leon, and was repeated afterward on the wooden tennis court, gorgeously decorated and illuminated for the occasion. During the tournament it was decided to offer the new and costly Trophy, which has raised the occasion to one of the most important events of the tennis world.

The contest of March, 1889, drew together more experts of national reputation than had ever gathered in the country before at such an early date. The list was headed by Campbell, who held the first prize in doubles for the Championship of America, the New England Championship, the Inter-collegiate Championship, the second prize in singles in each of these three, besides numberless lesser prizes. A. C. Wright held first prize with Campbell in the Inter-collegiate Championship, and was champion of Trinity College. R. V. Beach held first prize in doubles of Yale College. A. E. Kennedy was an expert from Princeton, while Deane Miller was a crack of the N. Y. Tennis Club, and had beaten Slocum, now national champion. Naturally, the gathering was one of national interest, as it was the first test of merit of the seventeen experts entered since the preceding season. Enthusiastic audiences surrounded the courts daily for a week, and witnessed the best tennis ever seen in the South. The contest for the handsome All-comers' cup between Campbell and Wright, in the finals, showed the finest play of the contest, but Campbell won it handily, and next day easily defeated Trevor, holder of the silver trophy, and added "National Tropical Champion" to his list of titles. Wright won second prize, and later, with Campbell, the first prize in doubles for the Tropical Championship.

Many prominent people enjoyed the sport daily, including Hon. H. S. Sanford, ex-minister to Belgium; Mrs. Senator Hearst, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mme. Barreda, Commodores Clark and Douglas, Mrs. John D. Jones, Miss Leiter, Miss Hope Goddard, Mrs. Franklin W. Smith, Miss Nina Smith, Senator Platt, Miss Chisholm, of Savannah; Robert Garrett, and Hon. Geo. W. Brown, the banker. A ball followed in the Ponce de Leon, for which special trains were run from adjacent cities, and afterward the tennis men enjoyed baseball, dinners, yacht racing, dances, etc., and all returned North enthusiastic over the unique pleasures of their visit to the ancient city and the attentions showered on them by resident cottagers.

No record would be complete which should fail to note that the success of this annual event has been due to the unremitting hard work and persistent exertions of one individual, Mr. George Stuart Smith, Secretary of the St. Augustine Club. From the first conception of the prize to the happy termination of the last tournament, the actual work has been done by him single-handed. One who has not had personal experience in similar undertakings can hardly appreciate the difficult and trying nature of such a task, with its many details, perplexities and obstacles. By his unstinted labor and his personal influence Mr. Smith has made the Tropical Championship tournament an occasion of importance in the tennis world; and the results he has achieved are such as to render fitting this public recognition of his services.

Entries for the tournament are received by the committee, R. D. Sears, Boston; Van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, New York; L. Harrison Dulles, Philadelphia; Geo. Stuart Smith, 336 Beacon street, Boston, Secretary, who should be addressed at St. Augustine during February and March. A vestibule car will convey a tennis party from New York, Boston and other Northern cities, to the next tournament.

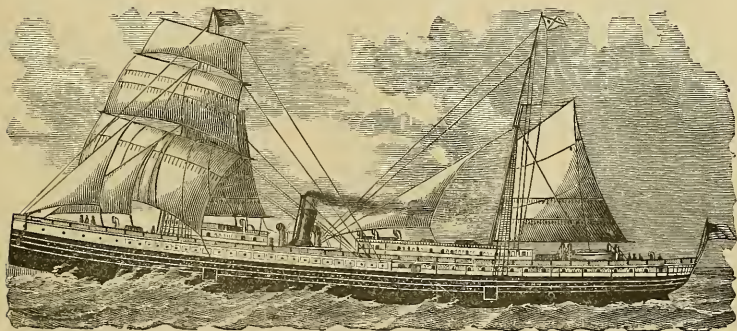
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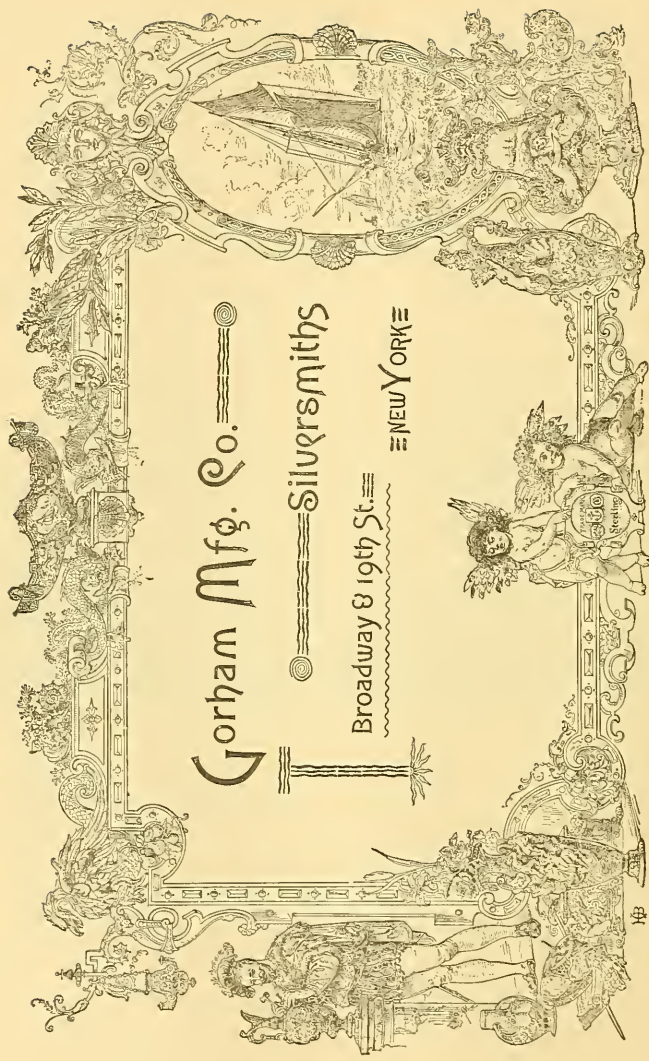
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HOTEL ALCAZAR.

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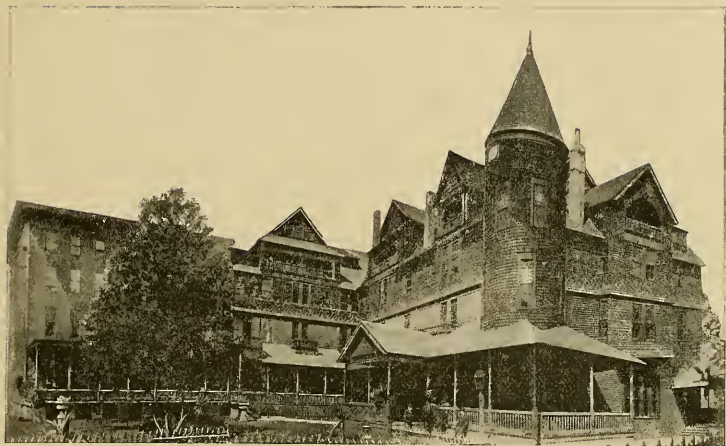
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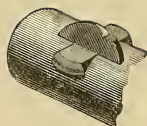
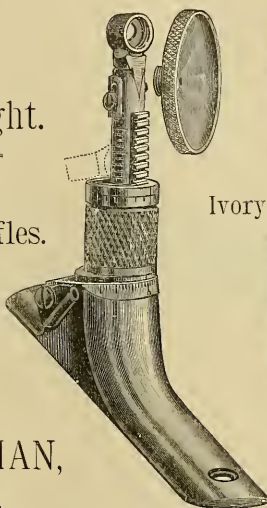
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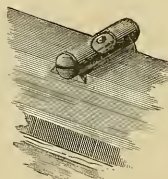
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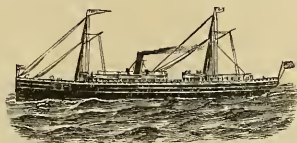
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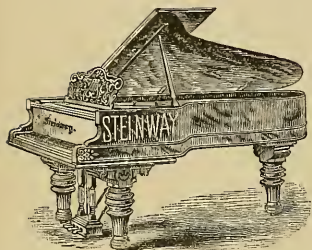
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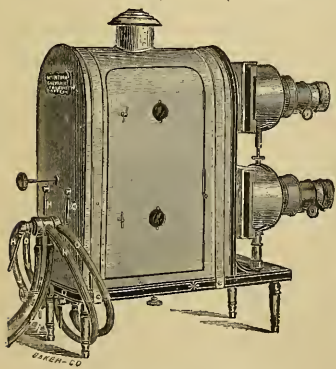
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HOTELS. *Alcazar*, on the Alameda. *Cordova*, on the Alameda. *Florida House*, Treasury and St. George streets. *Magnolia*, St. George street. *Ponce de Leon*, on the Alameda. *San Marco*, Shell Road. *Hernandez Hotel*, Charlotte street. Boarding house—*The Abbey*.

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CHURCHES. **Baptist**—Ancient City Baptist, Y. M. C. A. Hall, Lyon Block. Services: Sabbath, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday at 7:30 P. M. Rev. H. M. King.

Episcopal—Trinity Church, facing Plaza on the south. Services: Sabbath, 10:30 A. M., 7:50 P. M. Sabbath school, 3:30 P. M. For other services see bulletin on front of church. Rev. W. L. Githens.

Methodist—Grace Church, Cordova and Carrère streets. Services: Sabbath, 11 A. M., 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 9 A. M. Class meeting, 11:45 A. M. Young people's prayer meeting, 6:30 P. M. Wednesday, prayer meeting, 7:30 P. M. Rev. T. M. House; parsonage adjoining church.

Presbyterian—St. George street, near Bridge street. Services: Sabbath, 10:30 A. M., 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 3 P. M. Wednesday, prayer meeting, 7:30 P. M. Rev. Edwin K. Mitchell; residence, St. George street, north of Magnolia Hotel.

Roman Catholic—Church facing Plaza on the north. Services: Sabbath, 6, 8:30 and 10:30 A. M., 4 P. M. Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore; residence, St. George street and Plaza.

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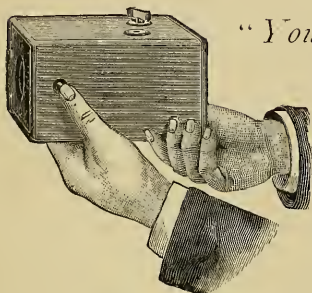
MUSEUM. The collections of the St. Augustine Institute of Natural Science, No. 27 Alcazar court, are open to the public daily from 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M., admission free.

YACHT CLUB. St. Augustine Yacht Club; Com., E. A. Douglass, of New York. Club house, Sea-wall and Central Wharf.

DATES. Ponce de Leon discovers Florida, 1512. Menendez founds St. Augustine, 1565. Drake, 1586. Boucaniers, 1665. Moore of Carolina, 1702. Oglethorpe of Georgia, 1740. Florida becomes a British possession, 1763. Retroceded to Spain, 1783. Acquired by the United States, 1821. Seminole war, 1835-42.

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